



1911

DFS

R. J. Mitchell.



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THE ARGO



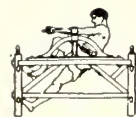
Published by the Class of 1911

WESTMINSTER COLLEGE,
NEW WILMINGTON, PA.



VOLUME SEVEN

NINETEEN HUNDRED TEN



DESIGNED
AND EXECUTED BY
HAUSAUER-JONES PRINTING CO.
BUFFALO, N. Y.



To
William Templeton Hewetson
in grateful appreciation of his
inspiring influence and
friendship all that is worthy in this
book is sincerely dedicated

William Templeton Hewetson

William Templeton Hewetson, who for seven years has been Professor of English at Westminster, was born at St. Clairsville, Ohio. He was graduated from Columbian University, Washington, in 1890, and from the Columbian Law School in 1891. For two years after his graduation he practiced law at St. Clairsville, in partnership with Senator J. W. Nichols. Later he became a teacher of English, a subject which he has taught very successfully at the following institutions—Knoxville College and Waitsburg Academy (Wash.). Professor Hewetson has always been an enthusiastic student of English, and has done graduate work in the English departments of Chicago University, Dartmouth, University of Wisconsin, and Harvard.

We of the Junior Class feel that we have a special interest in Professor Hewetson, inasmuch as he has been our class director since entrance. He has ever been loyal to us, sympathetic and kind. We realize that we are losing a true friend, and in a slight way would try and express our appreciation for what he has done. Wherever he may go, the sincere feeling and good wishes of 1911 will always follow him.

Introduction

We were somewhat fearful in taking up the printing of the College Annual for 1910. Several factors were to be considered, any one of which would be enough to discourage the timid. One of the greatest problems was the standard set by the former annuals, which we wished to equal and excel, if possible. The financial question is always the one that causes worry; and last, but not least, is the demand upon our time.

This year is to be one of the most auspicious in our history. The new administration is firmly fixed, and results are beginning to show in answer to the wise policies followed. We wish that through this book we might impart to students, alumni, and friends some of the "Old Westminster Spirit," and give them a new stimulus to believe in and work for our Alma Mater, to make her the "Greater Westminster" she deserves to be.

We have tried to give credit to whomsoever it was due, in whatever line it was gained, whether athletic, literary, or spiritual. Also we have taken the liberty of portraying some of the peculiar characteristics and idiosyncrasies of both student and faculty.

Our purpose is to present some of the life of the school, and, if possible, recall some of the old times to alumni.

Especial credit is due to Mr. Finney for the earnest and faithful way in which he has cared for the artistic work of the book, and to Mr. Elliott for his untiring efforts in the business management.

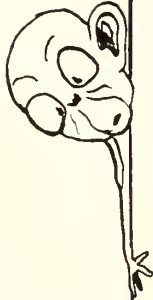
As for the ARGO, deal gently with its defects, regard its merits, rather. Remember we are but students yet, and accept it as an expression of our college life and give it an abiding place in your love.

THE EDITORS.



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Group of Alumni, (Taken after Alumni Banquet, 1909)



Evolution of the College Since Its Founding in 1852
Pictures of the Original Building; the Old Main—and the
Old Main as It Now Appears.

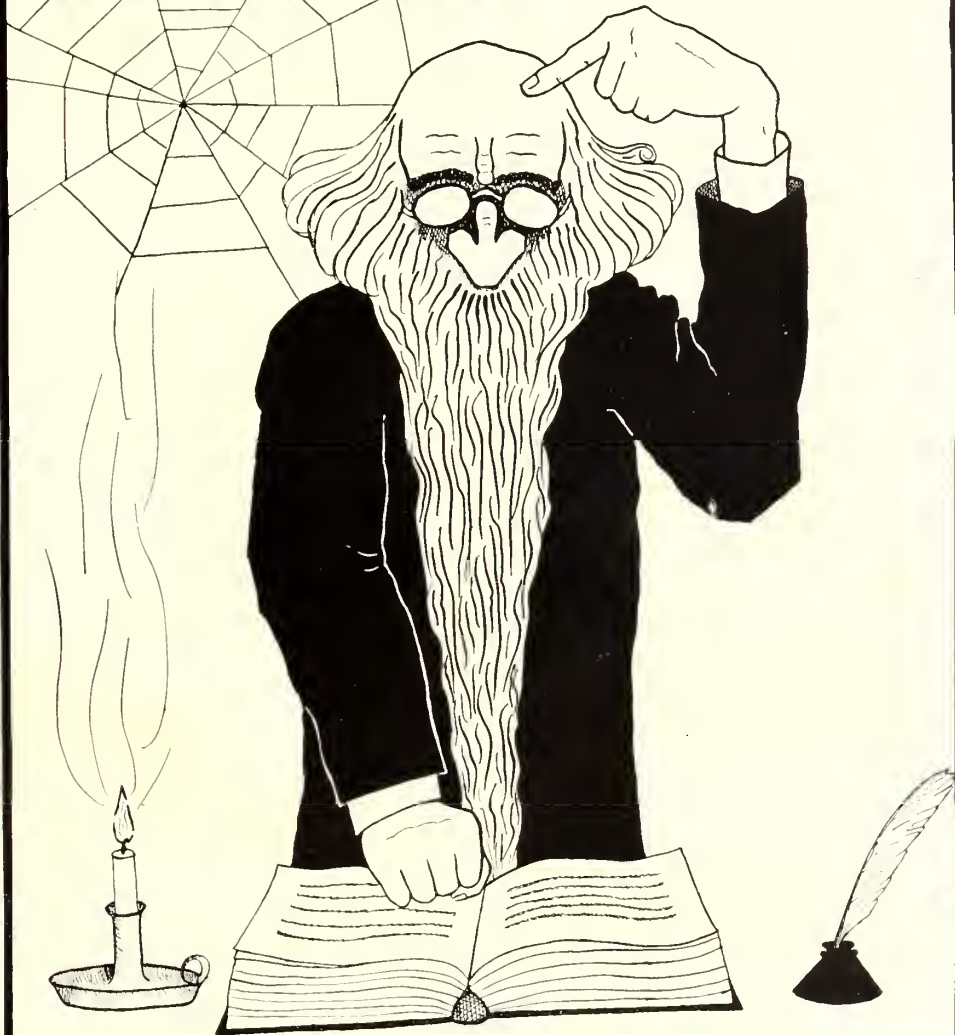


Group of College Buildings



Scenes About Town

FACULTY





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PH. D.



R. G. FERGUSON, D. D



PRES. R. M. RUSSELL, D.D



SARAH A. PRATT



W. W. CAMPBELL

Faculty Group

The Faculty

Robert Gracey Ferguson, D.D., LL.D.

PROFESSOR OF BIBLICAL LITERATURE AND ETHICS

A. B. Jefferson College, 1862; Licensed by Monon. Pres., 1865; Pres. of Westminster College, 1884-1906; D. D. Washington and Jefferson, 1884; LL. D. Washington and Jefferson and Monmouth, 1902; Mod. Gen. Assembly, 1898; Member Ex. Commis. Al. Ref'd Ch's, 1892-1902; Delegate to Pan Presbyterian Council, 1892 and 1899; Mod. of First Synod of the West, 1879; Director Allegheny Theological Seminary, 1889; present position, 1906.

John James McElree, A.M.

PROFESSOR OF LATIN

A. B. Westminster College, 1890; A. M. Westminster College, 1893; Professor of Latin, Amity College, 1890-1893; University student, University of Chicago and University of Colorado; present position, 1893.

Charles Freeman, A.M., Ph.D.

PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY

A. B. Allegheny College, 1891; A. M. Allegheny College, 1897; Professor of Science, Union City High School, 1891-1892; Professor of Science and Mathematics, Williamsport Dickinson Seminary, 1893-1894; Member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science; American Chemical Society; Dean and Professor of Chemistry, Westminster College, 1894.

John Abram Shott, A.M.

PROFESSOR OF PHYSICS

B. Ph. University of Ohio, 1892; B. Ped. University of Ohio, 1892; M. Ph. University of Ohio, 1895; Holder Austin Scholarship for Teachers, Harvard University; A. M. Harvard University, 1901; Professor of Natural Science, Lebanon Valley College, 1892-1895; Professor of Physical Sciences, Carthage University (Illinois), 1895-1902; Member of American Association for Advancement of Science; Professor of Physics and Department Instructor in Psychology and Education, Westminster College, 1902.

James Oscar Campbell, D.D.

PROFESSOR OF HISTORY AND POLITICAL SCIENCE.

A. B. Mt. Union College, 1879; A. M. Mt. Union College, 1889; A. M. Harvard University, 1894; D. D. Mt. Union College, 1894; Pastor, Arkansas City, Kansas, U. P. Church, 1883-1889; Pastor, Lowell, Mass., U. P. Church, 1889-1896; Pastor, Wooster, Ohio, U. P. Church, 1896-1901; Member Kansas State Legislature, 1889; Chaplain Eighth Ohio Vol. Inf., Spanish-American War; present position, 1901; Westminster Semi-Centennial Endowment Association; Association of History Teachers of the Middle States and Maryland; National Geographic Society; Military Order of Foreign Wars; Member of American Historical Association.

James McAllister Shaffer, A.M.

PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS.

A. M. Westminster College; Principal McDonald Academy, 1883-1890; Professor of Mathematics, Slippery Rock Normal, 1890-1895; Principal of McDonald High School, 1895-1898; Principal of Canonsburg High School, 1898-1902; University Student, Cornell University; present position, 1902.

William Templeton Hewetson, A.M.

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH.

A. B. Columbia University, 1890; A. M. Tarkio College, 1906; University Student, Dartmouth, 1900; University of Chicago, 1903; Professor of English, Knoxville College, 1900-1902; Principal of Waitsburg Academy (Wash.), 1903; present position, 1903.

James D. Barr, A.B.

PROFESSOR OF GREEK.

A. B. Westminster College, 1888; Principal Argyle Academy, N. Y., 1888-1890; Assistant at Westminster, 1890-1891; Pastor First U. P. Church, New Wilmington, Pa., 1894-1902; Pastor Bloomington, Ind., U. P. Church, 1902-1906; present position, 1906.

Miss Anna Heyberger, A.M.

PROFESSOR OF GERMAN AND FRENCH.

Awarded diploma in Modern Languages at the Carl-Ferdinand University in Prague, and Music Teachers' diploma in Vienna; Director of School for Modern Languages and Music at Tabor (Bohemia); Professor of French and German at Beaver College (Pa.); present position, 1906; A. M. Westminster College.

William W. Troup, A.M.

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF LATIN AND GREEK.

A. B. Heidelberg University, 1888; A. M. Heidelberg University, 1891; Professor of Greek and German, Catawba College, N. C., 1888-1892; Professor of Ancient Languages, Carthage College, Illinois, 1892-1906; Professor of Greek and History, Washington College, 1906-1907; present position, 1907; Student University of Chicago, summer of 1907; Member of Classical Association of Middle West and South; Member of American Philological Association.

Miss Elizabeth Lawrence Randall, B.O.

INSTRUCTOR IN ORATORY.

B. O. Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, Mass., 1895; Instructor in Oratory, Geneva College, Beaver Falls, Pa., 1895-1903; same position Beaver College, Beaver, Pa., 1903-1907; present position, 1907.

Benjamin Williams Bridgman, Ph.B., A.M.

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF PHYSICS AND MATHEMATICS.

Graduated from State Normal School, at Oshkosh, Wis., 1899; Principal High School, Oakfield, Wis., 1899-1903; Principal High School, Philips, Wis., 1903-1905; Ph. B. University of Wisconsin, 1906; Instructor in Physics at University of Wisconsin, 1906-1908; A. M. University of Wisconsin, 1908; present position, 1908.

Owen W. Mills, A.M.

PROFESSOR OF BIOLOGY AND GEOLOGY.

A. B. Clark College, 1907; A. M. Clark University, 1908; Principal Bristol High School, Bristol, N. H., 1895-1896; Principal Burbank School, Millbury, Mass., 1896-1904; present position, 1908.

Miss Sarah Ainice Pratt, A.M.

DEAN OF WOMEN.

A. B. Elmira College, 1888; Teacher in English and History, Michigan Seminary, 1888-1889; Preceptress of Franklin Academy (N. Y.), 1889-1891; Preceptress and Teacher of English and History, Geneseo Collegiate Institute, 1891-1894; Instructor in English and History, Elgin Academy (Ill.), 1894-1897; Graduate Student, University of Chicago, summer of 1897; Instructor in English, Elgin Academy (affiliated with Chicago University in 1897; with Northwestern University, 1902), 1897-1908; present position as Dean of Women and Assistant in English, 1908.

Miss Berthe Müller

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF GERMAN AND FRENCH.

Studied at the "Ecole Supérieure" of her native town, Vevey, Switzerland; taught French one year, and completed her studies in German at the Schverdt Institute, Waltershausen, Germany; present position, 1908.

William Wilson Campbell, A.M.

DIRECTOR OF MUSIC

Graduate in Music, Westminster College; A. B. Westminster College, 1891; Professor of Classics, Pawnee City (Neb.) Academy, 1891-1892; Director of Music, Nebraska State Institution for the Blind, 1892-1894; Director of Music, Baird College for Young Women, Clinton, Mo., 1894-1898; Director of Music, Trinity University (Texas), 1898-1906; present position, 1906.

Miss Nona Yantis, B.S.

PROFESSOR OF PIANOFORTE

B. S. Patton Seminary, 1900; Chicago, 1900-1901; Teacher of Music, Trinity University (Texas), 1901-1906; present position, 1906; Student with Theo. Leschetizky, Vienna, Austria, 1907-1908.

Edward French Hearn

ASSISTANT IN PIANOFORTE

Trinity University, 1903-1906; Westminster College of Music, 1906-1907; present position, 1907.

Miss Clara Louise Shaffer

PROFESSOR OF VOCAL CULTURE

Received her training under Max Spicker, Dr. Carl Dufft, New York; Lamperti, Berlin, Germany; Jean de Reszke, Paris, France; present position, 1909.

Miss Lucie M. Manley

DIRECTOR OF ART

Director of Art, Mansfield Normal School; studied in Elmira College for Women, The Art Students' League of New York, and private study in Boston and Europe; present position, 1908.

Miss Margaret Earla Mitchell

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN AND INSTRUCTOR IN ENGLISH

A. B. Westminster College, 1904. Taught at Brookfield and Greensburg. Present position, 1909.

Miss Alberta Budd

Private Secretary to the President and Assistant Registrar.

John Harrison Veazey, A.M.

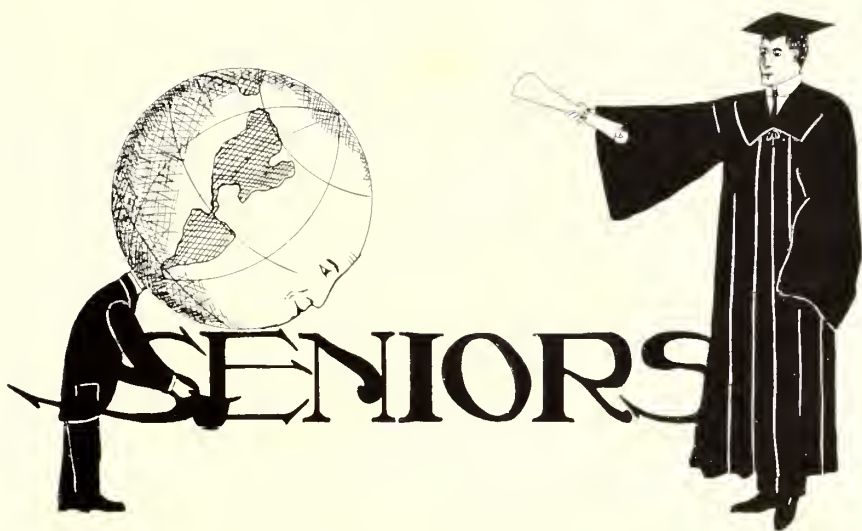
A. M. Muskingum College; Private Co. D. 49th Reg. Indiana Vol. Inf., 1861-1864; Principal Clinton Academy, 1869-1870; Principal Frankfort Academy, 1870-1873; Licensed by Frankfort Presbytery, 1875; Home Missionary, Americas, Kansas, 1875; Pastor U. P. Church, Emsworth, Pa., 1876-1883; Member Board of Home Missions of the United Presbyterian Church of North America, 1876-1883; Principal Thyne Institute, Freedmen's Mission, Chase City, Va., 1883-1893; Financial Agent, Westminster College, 1893-1907; Registrar and Local Treasurer, Westminster College, 1907.



Group of Inside Views of College Buildings



Interior Views of Hillside





Seniors

COLORS: Purple and Gold

Officers

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JULIA M. DOYLE	<i>Vice-President</i>
BESS FERVER	<i>Secretary</i>
LEWIS T. PATTON	<i>Treasurer</i>

Yell

Rip! rah! Rip! rah!

Rip, rah, ren!

Hoorah, Hoorah!

1910!

When we are gone you'll find it hard

Said they,

To ever find another gang

Like us.

What makes you think, as we suppose

You do,

We'd ever want another gang

Like you?

Senior Roll

AMON, JESSE CLYDE

"He was gentle, mild and virtuous."

ANDERSON, ALEXANDER D.

"Who let ME loose?"

BROWN, ROBERT RUSSELL

"I am so fresh that new green blades of grass
Turn pale with envy as I pass."

BRYAN, ROBERT RAYMOND

"I am the hero of a Sunday School book; I shall die young."

COOPER, JAMES SWANEY

"There are three things beneath the blessed skies for which I live—
black eyes, blue eyes, brown eyes."

DICKEY, GRACE

"Virtue is like a rich stone—best plain set."

DOUTHETT, ELIZABETH B.

"For I am nothing if not critical."

DOYLE, JULIA MAE

"An infinite deal of nothing."

FERVER, BESSIE LORENA

"As full of meekness as an egg of meat."

FORSYTHE, MARIAN B.

"I am a sage and can command the elements, at least I think I can."

GETTY, LOUISE

"Only a little lower than the angels."

GETTY, MARY

"Such a fresh, blooming, rosy, cozy, modest little bud."

GILKEY, ROBERT M.

"Greater men than I may have lived—but I doubt it."

HOUSTON, RALPH H.

"I am determined every chance to take
To acquire knowledge, though I may break."

JOHNSTON, MARIAN E.

"She hath a cool, collected look,
As though her pulse were beat by book."

LOVE, NATHANIEL N.

"Who in all rapture, their own works report."

MCNARY, CARL W.

"Mine honors are my life, take my honors from me and my life is done."

NEVIN, NORMA

"A lover of the 'finney tribe.'

PATTON, THOMAS L.

"But in conclusion, no failings hid,
A gentleman whatever he did."

PEEBLES, MARGARET B.

"Quantity and quality."

PORTER, MABEL

"Fair as a star when only one is shining."

REED, RUTH L.

"O'er books consumed the midnight oil."

SAMPSON, N. EUGENE

"He was full of promise but of no performance."

SCHOELLER, LULU

"We are charmed by her neatness of person."

SMITH, LOUISE M.

"We shall not soon find her equal."

STURGEON, FRANKLIN E.

"A face like a benediction."

THOMPSON, FRANCIS

"Nature has framed strange fellows in her day."

THOMPSON, MARIETTA J.

"A sweet, attractive sort of grace."

THOMPSON, N. IRENE

"Strange to the world she wore a bashful look."

VANCE, CHARLES C.

"He is a product to be marvelled at."

WATT, M. ETHEL

"'Tis hard to be in love and be wise."

YOUNG, JOHN C.

"A magnified clothes-pin."

YOUNG, M. BERNICE

"Her mind is bright,
Her heart's all right."



JUNIORS

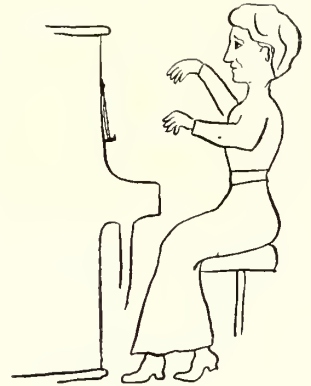




JESSIE E. ANDREWS.

Otherwise known as "carrots," blew in from East Liverpool, a town noted for its beautiful girls and china-ware. Since she joined our Class in 1908 she has distinguished herself along musical as well as social lines. Because of the numerous vacant chairs in the second row in the chorus, Jessie was urged, in the second year of her studies, to join the songsters, and as a result has proven herself an efficient addition to the ranks. Besides her prominence in musical circles she has always been an experimental contributor to the "Personals" of the *Holcad*. Not long ago "Jess" (accompanied promi-

cuously) took a joy ride to the Junction on the Sharpsville Express, and consequently was doled out seven long weeks of "limits" by our most generous Discipline Committee. However, she has lived to tell the tale, and the prospects at present are that she will be one of the many sweet-girl graduates of the Class of 1911.



OLIVE FERN BRAHAM.

Harrisville is famous for her great people, but she has never produced any greater than our present-day wonder—Olive Braham. As a brilliant student with more brains than she can rightfully use, Olive bids fair to make the world stare hard some day. During the first two years of her life here "Ollie," as she is known to her friends, gave considerable attention to co-education, in fact; she is known to have debated the question of the relative merits of co-education several times in Literary Society. At the beginning of her Junior Year she announced her intention of remaining heart-whole and fancy-free, and working.

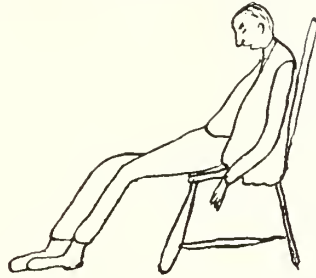
Her only dissipations have been Junior Play, Junior Contest, and *Holcad* Literary Department, with an occasional stroll. If she would overcome her greatest fault—that of meeting trouble half way—and take a course in domestic science, Olive would make an excellent preacher's wife; but, alas, according to her version, the fates have decided that she end her days teaching school.





FRANK McCLURE CAUGHEY.

"Grandpap" Caughey is from McKees Rocks, or McKeesport, or somewhere in that vicinity, perhaps it's Otto. Wherever it is, it must be a drowsy place, for he's been asleep almost ever since he came here, waking up only long enough to see what's going on. He paces the streets with an ambling sort of gait, and sometimes he gets there and sometimes not. There is only one subject that he is awake to, and that is a missionary one. He seems intensely interested in missions, missionaries, and, especially, missionaries' daughters,



for "It makes no difference where he wanders, he always comes back to Louise." However, he is an enthusiastic member of 1911, even though it may be because of a nightmare; whenever anything is on, Frank is willing to stay up all night and sleep all day. He has a few good qualities, but we will not print them, for he'd get so vain that he'd think he was almost virtuous.



ELLA DORNON.

"She that was ever fair, and never proud, had tongue at will and yet never loud."

Ella, who came to us from New Alexandria, has only been a member of the Class of '11 since the spring of '00, but she has endeared herself to the hearts of all by her unfailing good humor and her willingness to help her less fortunate companions. Before coming to us she spent a year at Indiana Normal, and she never ceases to sound its praises or hold it up before us as her ideal school.

The oratory department was greatly improved by Ella's addition to its ranks. She has proven a faithful worker, and we feel sure she

will some day be a reader of no mean ability, for she expects to further her studies along this line at Emerson College of Oratory.

Ella has not left any phase of her college life undone—not even the co-educational feature. Indeed, her fame and prestige have been won by the fact that she is wonderfully well experienced and knows how to entertain.





ELIZABETH ELLIOTT.

After her graduation from the New Wilmington High School "Beth" entered the ranks of 1910 as a Third "Prep." She was always a conscientious worker, and, just like a "Prep," took everything seriously. Yet she was always willing and ready to help her Class and to take part in all the social functions.

But, at the end of her Sophomore year, "Beth" realized what she was missing by not belonging to the famous Class of '11, so decided to study music for a year and join our ranks in the fall of 1909. This she did, and is now one of our number.

"Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine it sends some precious instance of itself after the thing it loves."

"Beth" likes athletics, track-work, especially. When she whistles, he comes a-runnin'! Speed—4 minutes, 52 seconds, a mile.



R. HAROLD ELLIOTT.

In looking at the college catalog for the rest of "R.," we found nothing more, so suppose that "R." must stand for "Red." However, that name has grown old since the increase of the "family," and he's better known as "Pap." He seems to be the best sort of boy to take care of babies, for "Baby" surely always seems to be pleased and happy when she's with him. It's peculiar, though, how many brains these little fellows have and how well they can impress their importance on others. Even the faculty—sober-minded men—were so deceived by this little red-headed man that they made him Editor-in-Chief of the *Holcad*, and he's really making the paper boom

already. We hate to quote any good points about him, for we feel the bad ones should receive the greater attention. One thing we will praise him for—he's a true friend, always happy (he's never been on limits yet), and ever ready to help. "Pap's" pa is a preacher in Cambridge, Ohio, but we understand that "Pap" intends going to Houston, Pa., after graduation, and start in with a lumber firm there.





CLARENCE MCCLELLANEHAN FINNEY.

Clarence isn't half as imposing as his name, or as his picture would make you think he is, although there are some striking things about him; for example, he was born on Mt. Sinai, but by no means is he a second giving of the law. Perhaps this fact about his birthplace is the thing that makes him unafraid of the law, for he never hesitates long about breaking a rule, if he feels like it. As a student he is a good one, sometimes, but mostly not. He tries to look intelligent until a question is asked him, and then a three-word-answer is frequently the result. For Class spirit none can excel him. Whatever is asked of him by the Class, whether it be a scrap, or ARGO work, or anything else, he is always anxious to do his best and work hard. "Finn" is a boy from Egypt and has been through the mill here. His ambition seems to be to get an M. D.,

and we feel sure that if he will be able to operate and handle cases then as satisfactorily as the big "case" he has here, success will be assured.

"Norma had a little man

His hair was black as coal,

Every time she wagged her head

'Finn' was ready for a stroll."



LAVINIA YOUNG FLOYD.

In the fall of 1907 Lavinia cast her lot with the Class of 1911. At the time of her arrival she was enjoying the city life of New Castle, but during the time she has been at Westminster a great change has taken place, and our Lavinia is now a charming country maiden. Lavinia's chief tool is her tongue. She is thought to be able to say one hundred and fifty words to the minute, and keep it up for an entire day without suffering the slightest fatigue, and if she stops even then, it is because she is tired talking to herself, and can find no one to listen to her. Her acrobatic "stunts" create almost as much wonder to the inhabitants of "Hillside" as her ever-running talking-machine. She has often declared that she intends being an

old-maid school-teacher, but it is thought that she will reconsider the matter of her life-work and decide to be an actress, since already she has the ability of sending her friends to the verge of hysterics by pretending that she has fainted or died. Her predominant trait is her own will; when Lavinia says so, it must be so, or she'll know the reason why. As a suffragette she would be eminently successful.





CHESTER ARTHUR FULKMAN.

This gentleman is a native of the wonderful village of New Wilmington, and the most noteworthy fact about him is his propensity for being late at chapel, and not arriving at first-hour classes until the recitations are half over. "Chet" is a little slow, so one would think, unless he should by chance meet him driving nights with a real nice rig and a nicer girl. What the future life of this man is to be we cannot tell, but we believe his aspirations are toward farming and that in the final end he will stay home with the old folks on the farm and keep the place. "Chet" has always been an enthusiastic supporter of Westminster's best Class, 1911, in

everything, whether it be forbidden rushes or something else—it's all the same. He is of quieter nature than most fellows; takes time to get there; but he's a stickler.



PAUL DELBERT GRAHAM.

Paul—what a sweet name—is one of the most noted lady-fussers in school. Meet him wherever you will, somehow or other the conversation will always turn to the ladies, and then Delbert dear will tell you the merits and graces of the only girl, as he thinks, in Hillside. As a soldier, when dressed in a nice blue uniform with yellow braid and red-lined cape, sitting on a magnificent bay, he's just a dear, sweet as he can be. He used to be a student, but that was in the dim and distant past; his ethics now are

"My only books are women's looks
And folly's all they've taught me."

This year when it came to elections we couldn't get anyone else for President, so the girls decided to have Paul. Paul's been an athlete. You should see how he can run on the football field, and you ought to hear him talk about it, afterwards—that's better still. Nevertheless, with all his faults, we love him still, "don't we, girls?"

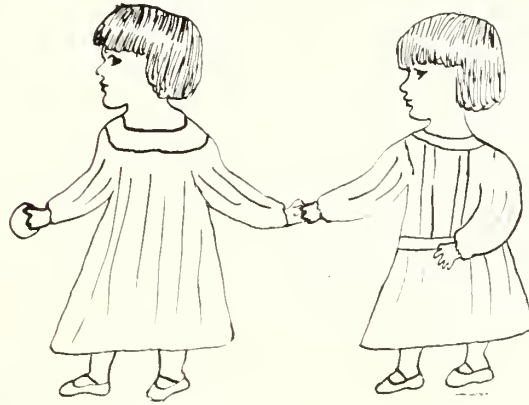




GENEVIEVE HENNINGER.

Genevieve is a girl from Allegheny. She is one of the "inseparables," the Henninger sisters. Coming to study Art, she wished company, so Marie came, too. Quiet and unostentatious she is, a steady worker who takes time to do the little things just right. She seems to have little or no time for the strolls that should (?) come in a college life, and is always grinding when she might be walking. Those who know her best like her most, and she is always the same to them, quiet and thoughtful, considerate and kind. One thing is yet to come—"heart trouble"—and this is inevitable, since

"We know that since the world began,
The heart was master in the world of man."



MARIE HENNINGER.

"She's the maiden with the bright brown eyes,
In whose orb a shadow lies,
Like the dusk in evening skies."

Sweet Marie came to us in our Freshman Year, a graduate of the Pittsburg Academy. She was at that time a meek, demure maiden, but, when she attained the rank of Sophomore, surprised her classmates at the Class party by carrying off the honors in the standing high jump, and near the end of the year again distinguished herself at the Class picnic, when on her way home, and by the aid of her noble swain, she won out in the cross

country run. Not only in the classroom and athletics has she shown her ability, but also in the culinary department, her particular hobby being rhubarb pies. She is a good-natured, studious girl and always has a smile and a helping hand for every one. She has always won the affection of her professors and has had the honor of being chosen a member of the Honor Council. It may truly be said of this, the smallest lass in the Junior Class, "To know her best is to love her most." Her favorite ditty is—"Somebody Loves Me, I Know."



NELL HUNTER.

Nell is a typical representative of Vandergrift, a small but mighty town in the Kiskiminetas Valley. In addition to carrying a very heavy (?) schedule, Nell is specializing in Elocution. She has taken a prominent part in several recitals and in the Class Play, and has shown remarkable talent. She aspires to continue her study of elocution at the Emerson School of Oratory, and, if we may judge future results by past achievements, we will prophesy a most brilliant career for her. But Nell has other interests in her college life, one of which is an unusual liking for athletics. Although she witnessed her first football game after entering Westminster, in one season she developed a remarkable interest in the game, and especially in the half backs. Nell has one

very bad habit, blushing at the wrong time. She has shown herself to be a loyal advocate of co-education, and has managed to enjoy all the privileges of the fair co-ed, except for a period of seven weeks, during which time she was deprived of all social privileges. Nell considers these extended "limits" a most unjust punishment for a forty-minute sight-seeing trip to the Junction, and has since learned to be cautious.



EVA SUSANA JAMIESON.

If anyone can apparently carry a double personality and deceive her classmates, especially the male ones, it is this young lady. Since entering school this year as a Junior, she has been as silent as a sphinx and has gained the name of the "girl who can't talk." Perhaps there is a reason for this silence, since every time one speaks of it in the presence of a close friend of hers they smile and then laugh. Reports drift in of long letters written and of replies, of banners and such like, and the fun of it is they all come from the very same place, and the handwriting

is the same. At any rate, we are glad you are here, even if your heart is over at W. & J., and we are glad to have a girl of such sterling worth and character.





MARGARET JOHNSTON.

Margaret, our country born and bred lassie, coming with all that beauty and sweetness of her environment to New Wilmington, was graduated from the High School and entered with great hopes and ambitions the Class of 1911 as a "Third Prep" in the fall of '05. Margaret is sweet and lovable, with those gentle, winning ways that creep in and take hold of us ere we are aware. She is good-natured and reliable, making a good companion, and seldom shows her temper, although her hair is red. Music is one of her pastimes; she has dipped into it just enough to know its pleasures. Her industriousness in combination with a generous supply of stick-to-it-iveness has given to her the reputation

of a good student. This part of her makeup is especially shown in the German class, in which she is quite a favorite of, and evokes beams from, the teacher, which is a distraction to be covered by her aspiring classmates. Margaret's aim after graduation is to go abroad and study German, in order that on her return she may be better fitted for instructing the young hopefuls in that line.



HARRY ELMER LONG.

This boy with the raven locks parted neatly in the middle, looking like an awful mistake, is a native of Pennsylvania. The most pleasing characteristic about him is his rich, mellow, bass voice, which sounds like a ton of coal sliding down a steel chute. We would like to tell you his nickname, but it would be against the "moral ideals" to say it aloud, so just look at the initials of his name and then guess what it is. Harry has a reputation of being a strong growler, and it's not surprising, for a boy with such a bull-dog voice should certainly employ it along the line best suited for his work. Don't think he is to be a chief fireman because of his cartoon—that is simply a representation of what he isn't going to

be. For the Class he has rendered some service; at one of the football games last year against the Freshmen, he looked a hole through their line. To those who know him he is a sincere and true friend and always willing to help.





MARY BLANCHE MCKEE.

Mary hails from "Coraopolis, eleven miles from Pittsburg," and she is to be counted among the very fairest (?) that that town has ever sent to Westminster. She entered as a "Fourth Prep," but when the second semester came she made up her mind, and also Dean Freeman's, that she ought to be a Freshman; thus she joined the "husky honored host of 1911." "Blanche" is endeavoring to win a Ph. B. by way of the Modern Language Course. She delights in her French and German, particularly (?) the societies, which are a source of endless delight to her. We, as a Class, are confident that she will succeed, for, as the old, old saying is, "Where there is a will, there is a way," and Mary certainly

has a will of her own, and firmly believes in having her own way. (If you don't believe me, ask "Kennie.") As for the future, we are unable to predict anything further than that, wherever she may be in the years to come, Mary will always have many friends, especially among the members of her Class of Westminster.



BERTHA VIRGINIA NAIR.

Bertha Virginia Nair is her whole name, but we have found it necessary to shorten it to "Berr," because were we to try to say it all she would be past and out of hearing before the first name could be pronounced. Bert joined our illustrious Class in its Freshman Year, and is a student of which the Class may be proud. She is proficient in English and History, but is especially interested in the career of Charles the Great, having begun the study of his life before she entered Westminster. She is affectionate and lovable, as those who know her best can well testify.





ROSE PATERSON

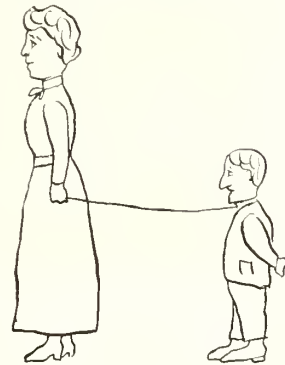
One would scarce recognize in Rose today the little girl who arrived here three years ago, weeping copiously, and was classified as a "Fourth Prep." The melancholy state of mind which haunted Rose at first was of short duration, for she became involved in a "Love" affair that has been rapidly succeeded by others. However, we fear that "Yoik" is the victim. The anxiety became so general as to include the discipline committee, who have exerted all their powers to free "Yoik" from falling deeper in love. For the rest of this year they are safe, unless Rose decides to visit in the country. On the way to the Junction she had a chair on the "Wallace Flyer,"

which collided with the "Faculty Express" and was returned to the yards for ten weeks before "re-pairing." The accident is to be regretted, for it will make Rose more discontented than ever.



ELIZABETH PATTERSON

Elizabeth Patterson, did you say? Yes, Fate long ago decreed that Westminster's Class of '11 could not be complete without this beautiful maiden from New Castle High. With the exception of Chemistry, there is hardly a phase of college life of which she has not tasted, but of all, she prefers English and History, Banquets and Sleighrides, and simply detests Physics and Geometry, Icy-pavements and "Limits." Her success in English is noted by the positions she holds upon the *ARGO* and *Holcad*, and by the esteem of her professors. "Beth" does not like to debate in society, but can hold her own in any argument, though it may be against her most brilliant classmate, especially if the subject is upon the merits of Methodism. There is an indescribable charm and grace about this dark-eyed maiden which not only makes friends for her of her own classmates, but of every one who may know her—be he a Senior, Freshman or Alumnus; but from present indications it is thought that "Beth" will remain true to the Black and the Red.





RENA VERA PETTIT.

Rena Pettit, as she is usually spoken of, is one of the quietest and apparently shyest girls in school. She is a student and a grind. As a musician she is making excellent progress, and, if her present zeal continues, the probability is that some day she will be a well-known pianiste. One fault she seems to have, and that is an aversion to the boys, at least appearances are that way, unless the person happens to be a good tenor singer. To those who are intimately acquainted with her she is a most lovable girl and has many of the quiet, strong virtues. She is admired by the boys as one woman who doesn't seem to have a great deal of difficulty

keeping quiet. She is a New Wilmington girl and has never been elsewhere to school.

"Hers is the sweet power of music."



GEORGE McLAUGHRY PHILLIPS.

"Phips," as he is called, must have borrowed the intellectual look he wears from the photographer, for, look as we could, we have never discovered one elsewhere, not even in the biology lab, where all the curios are. This boy is a citizen of New Wilmington, and almost the oldest member in the Class. This year for reasons best known to ourselves, he was elected keeper of the money-bag, and has made an admirable "Judas" in more ways than one. George has his troubles, chief of which is the cultivating of a bushy head of hair. Some people get bald headed because their brains are so active they want to get out, but this boy is getting bald by scratching to see whether there is a brain in there or

not. Just now he's using a hair tonic warranted to grow hair on a billiard ball, and there is some appearance of a "second hair" coming. George is somewhat of an athlete, and has ever fought for the Class in football, baseball, basketball and, especially, made a game struggle the night of the funeral "obsequies" of the stone. Whatever your future life may be, we wish you success, and we're awful sorry you can't make your hair grow, but what's in a hair-cut?

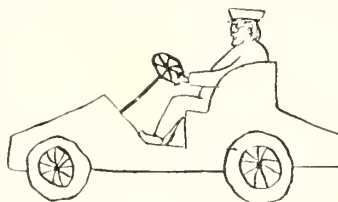




ARTHUR RENO PORTER.

Arthur Reno Porter, of Pulaski, Pa., has the distinction of being the oldest member of the Class, and, what is greater still, he's the laziest man in the Class. He gets there, true, but he wastes a great amount of valuable time trying to make his think-box reach a decision. He has never interrupted a Junior festivity by intruding his presence upon it in company with a co-ed, and, although he may be too slow to catch a cold, he's already caught a damsel at home, and so must be true to her at all costs. He might have been a great athlete if he'd cared to, but he's just been too tired to move the large amount of corporosity he possesses any more than necessary. Even when he walks, his feet drawl, and every time they pass each other, stop and apologize for

the haste. We are hoping that as the ages come and go, and as the centuries roll around, that our fat man from Pulaski will yawn and wake up.



CATHERINE PAULINE REED.

Pauline is the "Baby" of the Class, and as such has been petted by every one. But no amount of petting can ruin the sweet disposition of our "Polly." Generous and self-sacrificing to a fault, she is the idol of all her chums and the admiration of all her acquaintances. But this beauty of character is combined with a rare cleverness. Her work in the classroom merits and receives the highest grades. She shines in her literary work, as is shown by her place on Junior Contest. Her black hair, blue eyes and general "cuteness" have been the undoing of many swains. But Polly never seemed to take co-education serious-

ly until her Junior Year. But now, very frequently the "cutest little couple" may be seen strolling along the street, intent in the most serious conversation. And so, in spite of her avowed intention of becoming a nun, we all believe that "single blessedness" will not claim Polly for many years.





RUTH LUCILE REED.

Ruth was with us till this year, when future obligations compelled her to leave, and enter, this fall, as a Senior. Although a Senior in name, she is a loyal and devoted Junior at heart and would rather be a Junior of 1911 than a Senior of 1910. Both these matrimonial entanglements, anyway. Somehow or other, it started the Freshman Year, and something had to yield, for he had the "sand," if nothing else. Refusing to make a man unhappy, she surrendered, and now must wear the diamond, symbol

of future weal or woe. As a student she ranks high, as can be learned from the fact of her completing the college course in three years. Although we are sorry to lose her from our Class and from the school this year, yet we wish her a happy future.



LLOYD RULAND.

Lloyd Ruland, Esq., of No. Warren, Pa., is a man who says a great many things and means about half of them. "Gus," as the boys call him, is a wide-awake, energetic sort of a chap and is always doing things. The one great fault about him is that he hasn't any more common sense than to be a Democrat. Whenever he gets to talking, "William J.-who-almost-got-there" is sure to get all that is coming to him. As a student "Gus" is excellent, a worker from the start, and he fights hard to keep his grades high. Along athletic lines he is one of the promising "southpaws" for the baseball team, and will probably make the team. His affections are all centered around "Mildred of No. Warren," and "Mary of Oil

City." At present he's doing the "iny-miny-mi-ni-mo" act to see which one will have him. He intends to study Law and says "he'll clean up some of the graft and corruption in our American politics today." Maybe!





ROBERT MCWATTY RUSSELL, JR.

Don't blame the boy for that name—he couldn't help it and "Tub" suits him better. For an all-round, genial good fellow, and friend to everybody, "Bob" has no equal. Ever since his entrance he has been the life and spirit of everything he's been in, and "what he won't do isn't worth the doing." As regards the Class, he has been ever most loyal and true, ever ready to stand for and fight, if need be, for her honor. In athletics he has made the football team and is one of the best track men in the country. If you don't believe it go stealing chickens with him some time. One thing Bob can't do, and that is study. The only lesson he can be accused of studying is Chemistry.

In class he has the happy faculty of looking wise, and when it comes to running a bluff game he has never met his equal. He has many virtues and good qualities, but he never talks about them. If any one needs encouragement or friendship, or lacks anything, Bob is always ready to help in an unselfish way. His main characteristics are

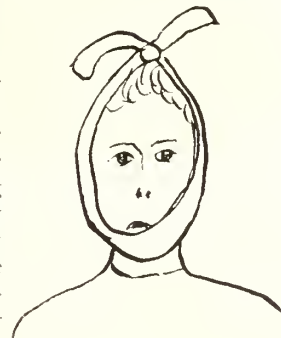
"Feet, feet, feet, * * * and some more feet."



GRACE SCHOELLER.

Grace, as may be seen from her photograph, is a practical and industrious twentieth-century girl. Of a free and happy disposition, she is a continual inspiration to her host of friends and all those with whom she comes in contact. Her education has been carried on in New Wilmington since she left the primary department of McKeesport, Pa. After having completed the grammar and high school courses successfully, she bravely started in to college with the present Senior Class. But in the fall of her Freshman Year, owing to the "strenu-osities" of English I (???), Grace was forced to leave school and later join the ranks of '11. Her coming

has proved disastrous to at least one member of our Class, for this year we all miss the beaming countenance of our former classmate "Mitch." However, Grace is indispensable to the progress of our Class, for she is an unusually entertaining companion and a loyal friend, always ready to join in class or bunch "affairs."





LOUISE EDNA SCOTT.

"None so lovely, sweet and fair." Surely no lines could apply more truthfully to Louise—describing both her personal beauty and her character. Seldom can be found such a lovable and kind disposition. Good-natured and happy, she enjoys fun and enters heartily into all its various forms, making no choice between basketball, sled-rides, or banquets. Her rare gift of being pleasant and agreeable to every one has made for her many friends, and with both students and faculty she

is a favorite. She has an especial fondness for music, parties and oyster-crackers; her chief aversions are exams., biology lab., and Lima beans. Our Class can boast of no more worthy member, for, having joined the Class of 1911 in its "prepdom," Louise has stood by it year after year, and, false reports to the contrary, she expects to remain loyal to the end.



HIRAM RAY SHEAR.

H. Ray is a wonderful boy. To look at him you could almost swear he was intelligent, but on second thought would say with Browning, "Surely nature hath made strange broom-sticks in her day." He has been called to be a preacher and since coming to school has surely lived up to the predestined calling. Meanness and deceit are things foreign to his nature. As a literary man he has ever been a bright and shining light, and as a poet he almost strangled the Muse,

but that was in the days gone by when he was in love. "Now that he is become a man he has (tried) to put away childish things." As an all-round student and grind he has maintained his brilliant record since entering college. As a man he is four-square, has his principles firmly established and never "shapes them to the varying hour," but holds to them unswervingly, in spite of consequences. A useful and strong life is sure to come to him in the future.



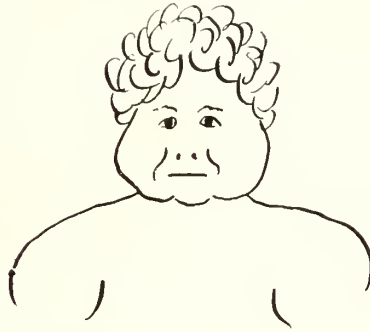


GULA SMITH.

"Such a wee kid."

Gula Smith, or "Babe," as she is better known, is a New Wilmington girl and, of course, is almost perfection (?), having been under such good influence all the time. She has been here since "prepdom," and has all her likes and dislikes settled. As a student she is an accomplished bluffer, and can pull the wool over "some" eyes. As an athlete she has acquired fame as the girl who missed getting in the basketball picture. Of her histrionic talents little need be said, since in this line of work she is an easy winner. One unfortunate tendency

the girl has, and that is an unquenchable love for short things, and her ideal hero seems to be one of about five feet six. What her line of work will be we cannot say, but we should judge that housekeeping seems to be attracting the greatest amount of attention at present.



THOMAS FERGUS SMILEY.

"Doc" Smiley, as he is familiarly known, is one of the misunderstood men. He's been accused of many missionary and omissionary sins of which he was never guilty. Some faults he has, such as thinking he knows how to do things better than other people, but he's not alone in this; he's in good company—Napoleon used to think the same thing. "Doc" and "Beany" Williamson have been more or less unfortunate ever since their entrance here, for they never seemed to be able to get girls. It wasn't "Doc's" fault, for he's tried hard enough, but "Beany" didn't have the necessary nerve. No truer member can be found in the Class of 1911, and no matter how he's been jollied and jibed, "Yet has he borne it with a patient shrug." Fergus

has a great deal of spirit and nerve and is never frightened to show it. He is a hard worker, a digger, and is sure to accomplish something in later life—at least get married, if nothing else. Take "Beany's" advice, "Show me the man of whom woman has not made a fool."





EMILY STEWART.

Emily, commonly known as "Stew," or "Gabby," came to us straight from the farm and entered as a Freshman in 1908; but on account of her "remarkable ability," she has managed to move up one, and we are charmed to admit her to the ranks of our Class. She was graduated from the Musical Institute of Beaver College in 1906, and is now devoting her life to "vocalizing" and "recitating." Her sunny, ever-merry disposition has won for her a large portion of the hearts contained herein, not only the ones of the feminine persuasion, but also those of the masculine. She tries to give every one the impression that she is heart-whole and fancy-free, but to those who know her best—it is only fair that we should share the

secret—she awaits the mail coming from a certain well-known college with great anxiety and many rapid pulsations of the heart. Besides her good qualities, one notices that she is always happiest when sleeping, and adopts for her maxim, "Put off today what can be done tomorrow."



MABEL CLARE STEWART.

Our bonnie Mabel some time in her very early history hied from the dusky land of India. But, strange to say, we do not often think of this in connection with her, for she is one of our fair ones. We are reminded rather of the breezy mountains and sunny valleys of her ancestral home, the land of the Blue Bell. This is doubtless due in part to the somewhat independent tilt of her head, but it is also due to her ready wit and humor and the happy and winsome disposition which are refreshing to us all. She is one of the comets of the Class of '11, and her talents run along many lines. She has even been known to court the poetic Muse, and her loyalty to her Class is shown by the ditties written in its honor.

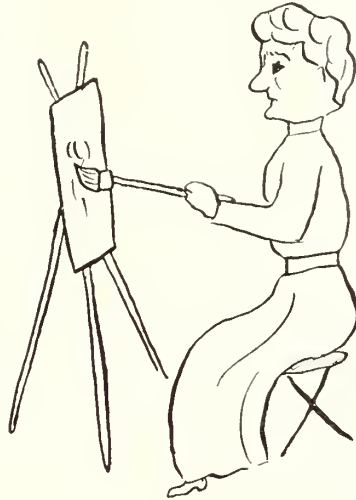




SARAH LILABEL TOWLE.

Cleveland was kind, when at the beginning of our Sophomore Year she added to our class roll the name of Lillabel Towle. Lillabel spent her Freshman Year at Oberlin, but, being a good United Presbyterian, she decided to come to Westminster. She is a faithful and conscientious student, not having missed one day's school during her college career. For recreation she indulges in tennis, horseback riding and basketball. She has played on the Westminster Girls' Basketball

Team for two years, and was a star player in the games of the interclass league, helping our Class win the championship. The Art department is proud of her as one of its members. She is a good housekeeper, having won a prize for having one of the best-kept rooms in Hillside. Lillabel is an active member of Y. W. C. A. and attends four church services every Sabbath, so we are sure she is in proper training for a minister's wife.



GEORGE EGBERT WALLACE.

"Blinkie," "Twenty-thoid," or "Yoik," is an inhabitant of the great and only metropolis, New York. His father shipped him here to get him into the country air and to cause a sensation, for he's the "orniriest little sucker" that ever came to Westminster. Quick as a flash, both in word and deed, no devilment can be proposed that "the Kid" isn't there with both feet. For speed nothing can excel him, and in company with another person from New York vicinity he can always keep people staring. With all his faults it must be admitted that he is intensely bright. Whatever subject he tackles, from Math. 1 to feminology, he always succeeds and comes out on the top of the heap. He intends to study Law and should make an excellent lawyer for he has made some wonderful pleas and defenses, although

here but three years. One of the lines in which he most excels is the literary, and when he feels like it can do good work if the Muse is doped properly.

"But still his tongue ran on,

The less of weight it bore, the greater ease."



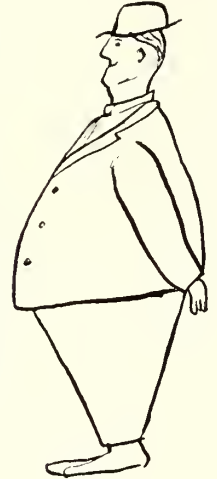


ARCHIE WALDO WARREN

"Arch" is the boy whom we are pleased to call fat. Notice that genial "cuddle-up-a-little-closer smile." Well, that's his most striking characteristic. He's an accomplished juggler and equilibrist, has been known to balance a hundred and forty pounds or more on the fence with comparative ease. Wherever he goes, he seems to make friends rapidly, and they all stick to him. Last summer he visited in Massachusetts and in twenty minutes made such an impression that he is now striving to reach "Beulah Land."* "Arch" is a genuinely good fellow and is very popular throughout the school; of course, he comes from

Ohio, but he can't help that. He's ever been a staunch member of 1911 and has been ready to do "her bidding." Somehow or other, he always contrives to keep his stand in with all the feminine ideals here, and no matter how many changes, they always receive him back with open arms. Wherever he goes he will always form friendships, for a truer man never lived.

*For further information address Oak Bluffs, Mass.



ADAM CLUNESS WILLIAMSON

"Another specimen of carelessness."

"Beany," as he is known in this town—in fact we never knew he had any more name—escaped from a bean establishment in Boston in 1907 and was forced to flee here for hiding. He is like all the rest of Boston folks, a little intellectual, but with a wonderful opinion of his own abilities. He likes to hear himself talk, and a favorite trick is to talk "bushwa" with as sober a face as possible. He would make a splendid college president, because he can make black look a little white. In the matter of college life here he has been in most lines, but not until

this year has he touched its co-educational features, and it is with fear and trembling that we watch for the remainder of his college life. It is surprising what "eyes" will do to sober-minded people. In the Argo work he has promised not to tell any untruths, so, remember, this volume should be a monument to his integrity. One thing we admit about him, although we must not be lavish in our praise on account of his big feeling qualities, that he is a student and has ever been faithful to studies, irrespective of attractions. In matters of right and wrong he has ever tried to stand squarely.





ALFRED EDWARD WRIGHT.

"Dutch" is an inhabitant of this town and so came to college, for there was nothing else to do here. He has the most beautiful kind of red hair, and nothing is more delightful than to see him astride his bony white steed, "the white fawn," galloping down the N. W. boulevard. "Dutch" is some excavator—he helped dig up the Junior stone. When it comes to opinions he has his own (they are mostly wrong), and it wouldn't make any difference what Doctor Freeman or anyone else said, he'd rather be (W)right than the other man, no matter what his nationality might be. The only good thing we can think about him is that he is a good business

manager of the *Holcad* and has extracted subscriptions by slow and painful processes from the hardest sort of shell-backs. "Dutch" aspires to be a chemist, and as "Long" as he "Pegs" away persistently and continues to break apparatus, we feel that success is coming his way.



Some Ex-Members of 1911

Walter James Clark

Grace Crawford

Jennie C. Hammond

Bastian Kruidinier

Charles Martin

Edith Bess McKelvey

James Ashenburch McNeese

Alfred Mitchell, Jr.

Edith Raub Moore

Gertrude May Newlin

Marie Dorothy Nusser

Margaret Labinia Porter

Jennie Esther Simison

D. Fuller Stewart'

Floy Tracy

Clara E. Williams





Sophomores

COLORS: Black and Gold

Officers

JOHN MANSON

President

SCOTT WOODS

Vice-President

AGNES MCKAY

Secretary

ROBERT J. MITCHELL

Treasurer

Yell

Katawa, katawa, katau, tau, tau,

Kazula, kazula, kazau, zau, zau,

Katawa, katau, kazula, kazau,

1912! Rah! Rah! Rah!

You may be light and you may be few,

That you have brains is nothing new;

But one great fault is surely true—

Nobody talks of it but you.

Sophomore Roll

ALTER, EMMET

"A strange conglomeration."

ASHTON, DAVID J.

"I wonder what I was begun for?"

BARR, MARTHA M.

"Almost alone in her class."

BATTEIGER, E. A.

"She burns with bashful modesty."

BROWN, JENNIE M.

"Genius is a capacity for evading hard work."

CLARK, EDGAR J.

"Caruso the Second."

CLEMENTS, FLORENCE I.

"A Winsome sort of lass."

CONWAY, LESTER H.

"Every great man is unique."

CROFT, MARY E.

"Who would not 'Love' her."

DICKEY, WILLIAM J.

"Just call me a scholar, let my praise be that."

EVERHART, ALBERT J.

"Gone and not forgotten."

GUY, KATHERINE

"Those heavenly looks; that silvery laugh."

HUTCHISON, FLORENCE A.

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild."

KING, MABEL E.

"Want of attention, which is really want of thought, is either folly or madness."

McCLURE, MARGARET C.

McCLURE, MARY L.

} "Heavenly twins (?)"

McKAY, MABEL A.

"Pert and chipper and saucy."

McCLAIN, EARL H.

"Altho' he talks but little, it's a great deal more than he thinks."

MANSSELL, GEORGE W.

"Donnerwetter, he vos yost a leetle poy."

MANSON, JOHN R.

"The boy with the sleepy walk."

MATHEWS, HARRY M.

"Gimme a match, kid; I want ter be tuff."

MITCHELL, ROBERT J.

"Pleased with a rattle,
Tickled with a straw—
And yet he has a Payne."

PAYNE, MARTHA M.

"I know what pleasure is for I have done good work."

PERKINS, MARGARET H.

"A quiet girl of good brand."

RUSSELL, JAMES M.

"Very positive in his opinions, but hardly ever right."

SEITZ, FLORA M.

"Her gentle voice creeps out through the stilly night."

SHAFFER, MARY J.

"Don't look at me, boys, it makes me nervous."

SNODGRASS, GRACE M.

"And if her heart be search,
It is beating anxious marches
To the church."

SNODGRASS, WILLIAM B.

"A queer mistake of Providence."

SNYDER, MELVA E.

"The girl with the Ohio smile."

STEWART, JAMES K.

"A boy who wants to go to the wild and wooly West, but doomed
to be a preacher."

THOMPSON, JOHN R.

"Looks as though he were winding up
The watch of his wit.
Bye and bye it will strike."

WALKER, ORVILLE J.

"Full many a lady I've eyed with sweetest regard."

WILLIAMS, FRANCES K.

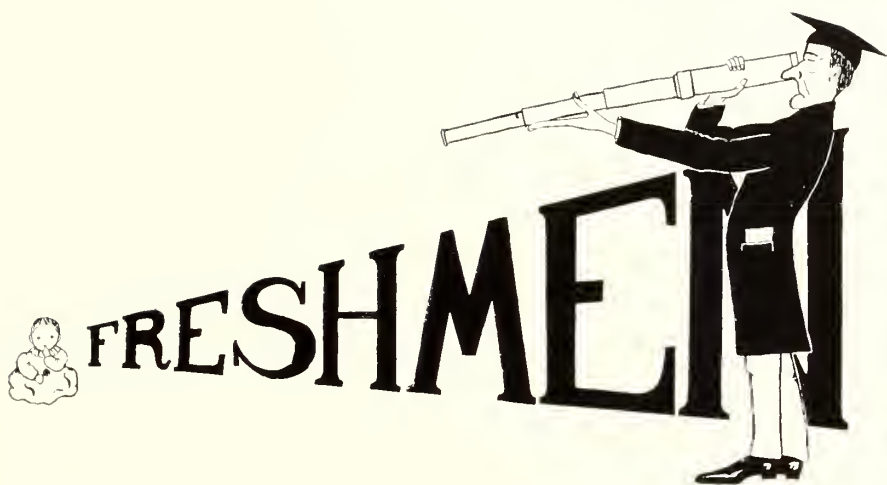
"There is a little of the melancholy in her."

WOODS, CHARLES S.

"Ye gods, I'm a second Paris; I will carry off Helen."

WYLIE, MAUDE L.

"You look as though you might have something to say—occasionally."





Freshmen

COLORS: Green and White

Officers

WILLIAM M. LAIRD	<i>President</i>
LYTLE WIGGINS	<i>Vice-President</i>
ETHEL MCKEE	<i>Secretary</i>
JASPER TURNBULL	<i>Treasurer</i>

Yell

One-a-zipa, Two-a-zipa,
 Three-a-zipa-zam.
 Four-a-zipa, Five-a-zipa,
 Don't give a hobble-gobble
 Razzle-dazzle! Sis! Boom! Bah!
 1913! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Babies, infants, worse than that,
 Brainless, witless, senseless folks,
 Always play your childish jokes,
 Act as kidlets ever will
 While the Freshmen seats you fill.

Freshmen

bartley, clara elizabeth
blalock, ruth elizabeth
blevins, mary elma
brice, john henry, jr.
campsey, donald m.
carnes, william van pelt
church, fanny hasbrouck
clark, janet robb
cleland, henry lloyd
cummings, margaret
cummings, robert wallace
cunningham, sarah blackburn
cuthbert, william john
daum, edward allen
davidson, r. bartlett
fife, w. lawrence
hall, herbert william
hoon, joseph brown
hope, inez aiken
jamison, sylvia gladys
kerr, amy eliza
kerr, hannah margaret
kirkbride, raymond watson
laird, william m.
long, martha belle
mack, carolyn armstrong

zeschkau, oscar clarence

mckee, mary ethel
mcnaugher, william h.
martin, ada elvira
martin, helen jeannette
mercier, florence j.
milligan, alexander mcleod
park, emma margaret
parrish, malcolm m.
phillips, mary ella
ralston, edith letitia
roberts, florence vera
rodgers, kenneth h.
sankey, claude wilson
shane, edna maurine
snyder, olive may
stewart, steele fuller
stewart, james leonard
tallant, richard earl
thompson, florence
tilton, harry whiting
turnbull, jasper robert
weidman, helen logan
wick, charles fischer
wiggins, david lytle
wiggins, robert clark
wilson, ira v.



PREPS



You too were preps in the long ago
there will be babies after we depart,
Why then may we not suck our baby toe
and why not play our childish part.

CLUBS





Crescent Club

First row, reading from left to right

MILLIGAN BRYCE C. WIGGINS RULAND S. F. STEWART WILLIAMSON

Second row

McLAIN CRAVEN CLARK DICKEY L. WIGGINS PATTON J. K. STEWART

Third row

J. L. STEWART SMILEY O. LOVE RUSSELL MATTHEWS ZESCHKAU



Eagle Club

First row, reading from left to right

LONG I. WILSON ROBINSON

Second row

BOYD HALL WILSON CUTHBERT HORMEL



Ferguson Club

First row reading from left to right

TILTON	FIFE	WALKER	JACKSON	VANCE
--------	------	--------	---------	-------

Second row

ROGERS	BROWN	STURGEON	MANSON	CAMPSEY
--------	-------	----------	--------	---------



Van Orsdell Club

First row reading from left to right
WOODS EVERHART KONOLD

Second row
GILKEY THOMAS WIEGEL MANSELL McNAUGHER

Third row
HOONE SAMPSON PARRISH VAN CARNES BOGGS ASHTON



Varsity Club

First row, reading from left to right

LORD

WALLACE

McCLURE

LAIRD

ELLIOTT

CAUGHEY

Second row

WARREN

McNARY

TALLANT

YOUNG

GRAHAM

FINNEY

LITERARY SOCIETIES AND CONTESTS



Adelphic Literary Society

First row, reading from left to right

YOUNG McNARY

Second row

MILLIGAN WALLACE TILTON WARREN PATTON

Third row

LONG RULAND STURGEON BROWN FINNEY CAUGHEY DICKEY S. F. STEWART

Fourth row

WILLIAMSON L. WIGGINS BRYCE CLARK N. LOVE MCCLAIN J. K. STEWART
ZESCHKAU TALLANT ALTER

Fifth row

C. WIGGINS O. LOVE SMILEY RUSSELL MCCLURE LAIRD ELLIOTT MATTHEWS
J. L. STEWART



Adelpic Literary Society

Chrestomath Literary Society

First row, reading from left to right

MISSSES RUDEN NAIR FORSYTHE M. THOMPSON

Second row

MISSSES SCOTT STEWART M. HENNINGER F. THOMPSON YOUNG G. HENNINGER

Third row

MISSSES ELLIOTT BARR JOHNSTON WILEY MCKAY SMITH BARTLEY WATT

Fourth row

MISSSES PAYNE WEIDMAN GRIBBEN PARK DOUTHETT M. MCCLURE REED MARGARET
MCCLURE

Fifth row

MISSSES NEVIN DOYLE CHURCH



Chrestomath Literary Society

Leagorean Literary Society

First row, reading from left to right

MISSSES HOPE MCKEE GUY KING A. KEFR

Second row

MISSSES SHANE MACK H. MARTIN S. JAMIESON M. KERR M. SNYDER
 THOMPSON CROFT

Third row

MISSSES TOWLE E. JAMIESON McCONNELL E. PATTERSON DICKEY RALSTON REED
 BELTZ

Fourth row

MISSSES CLEMENS BRAHAM FLOYD A. MARTIN PHILLIPPS L. SCHOLL CUMMINGS

Fifth row

MISSSES SNODGRASS O. SNYDER R. PATERSON SHAFFER PEEBLES



Leagorean Literary Society

Philomath Literary Society

First row, reading from left to right

PARRISH WOODS RUSSELL GILKEY DAUM WRIGHT ROBINSON

Second row

HOUSTON WIEGEL ASHTON BRYAN DAVIDSON

Third row

TURNBULL HOONE MANSELL PHILIPPS CAMPSEY THOMAS VAN CARNES SAMPSON

Fourth row

COOPER KONOLD EVERHART WALKER MITCHELL BOGGS CONWAY MANSON
McNAUGHER



Philomath Literary Society



Philomath Contestants

Robert M. Russell, Jr., the Philomath debater, is one of the most prominent men in school—an all-round good fellow. Last year he had the honor of winning the essay over an experienced contest man, and for this reason very much can be expected of him. Before moving to New Wilmington, Robert lived in Pittsburg and attended Shadyside Academy, where he made a splendid record as a student. It is one of the redeeming features about him, the fact that he was once a student. Not only has he been an active worker along literary lines, but he has also been one of the best track men Westminster ever had. Besides all these things, he is a fellow very fond of social events. Genial, sympathetic, of strong character, he has ever won many warm friends, and the indications are that he will fill a useful place in the world.

Edward A. Daum, Philomath orator, comes from the City of Allegheny and is one of the rare finds along literary lines. He is a Dutchman, but the fact that something can be done with a Dutchman, if he is taken young, is proven in his case. This is only his Freshman Year, but so persistently and steadily has he worked that his ability of a necessity must show forth; consequently, he has been given the office of orator. He belongs to the quiet style of men, men who say very little, but do great things, and his faithful work will surely make him a dangerous opponent to face. Although in school but about two years, he has won to himself a great many friends, and all wish him every success. His ability as an orator has never been publicly demonstrated as yet, but Philomath has unbounded confidence in him and expects much from him.

Raymond R. Bryan, Philomath essayist, is a true son of Westminster, having entered as a "Prep" and climbed his way slowly up the ladder to this, his Senior Year. He is a veteran in the line of contests, and it will be a worthy opponent indeed who will make him yield. He is characterized by his intense zeal for literary work, and he has always been extremely successful in this kind of work. As a fellow, he is always pleasing and agreeable, ever ready to put all people at their ease. Of marked literary ability, his future career should be successful. In selecting such a man for a contesting team, Philomath Society displayed a great deal of wisdom, and the possibilities are that she will not be disappointed.

[For unavoidable reasons the declaimer had not been chosen at time of going to press.]

Adelphic Contestants

Lloyd Ruland, Adelphic debater, or as he is better known, "Gus," is a new man for contest. This is but his second year in college, but by persistent work he has made three years' work in two. He is intensely interested in all questions of the day, especially political questions—that is, the ones important to Democrats. In his studies he has always stood high, and his reputation for burning midnight oil is certainly substantiated by the kind of class-room work done. Naturally of argumentative mind, he will make a great success of the vocation he intends to follow, that of a lawyer. He is popular and has many friends. In selecting this new man for the important position of debater, Adelphic Society is showing the confidence they have in him.

Franklin Elnathan Sturgeon, the Adelphic orator, is an old war-horse, as far as contests are concerned, for he has been on almost all the contests in school and has always shown a strong literary talent. This year should be the crowning success of his college life, and Adelphic is looking forward confidently to seeing him do great things. Besides the literary work, he has been prominent in athletics; having been a star player on the football, baseball, and basketball teams. No man in school has more friends among the students, and it is with a great deal of pride that they are looking forward to this performance against Philomath.

H. Ray Shear, Adelphic essayist, is a product of Northern New York State. He has never been on contest of any kind before, but he possesses a marked literary ability, and a production of high rank can well be expected of him. Ray is one of the deepest thinkers and hardest workers in College, and ever since his entrance in the fall of 1907 has maintained the reputation of a student, although he will occasionally indulge long enough to go to a social affair or two. He is a man of sterling worth and character, a true friend, and, if he ever enters the ministry, a successful life, consistent with his preaching may be expected.

James K. Stewart, Adelphic declaimer, is another one of the persistent "grinds" who doesn't have a great deal to say, but one who accomplishes much. For the three years he has been a member of Adelphic Society he has been an indefatigable worker, and has ever worked for the welfare of the Society, so that in electing him to represent the Society in contest, Adelphic is but giving him his due. Because of his ability of digging and stick-to-it-iveness, his friends all feel that the declaimer who surpasses him will have to be almost a marvel.



Oratorical Association

The Westminster Oratorical Association was first and primarily formed for the purpose of having charge of the Tri-State Contest. However, since its formation in '95, it has also assumed charge of the Geneva-Westminster debate.

The Intercollegiate Oratorical Association of Western Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Ohio annually holds an oratorical contest at each of the various schools in the league. The present members are Bethany, Muskingum, Geneva, Waynesburg and Westminster, Allegheny having dropped out this year.

In this league, Westminster has the honor of being first, our representatives having won five first medals and four second medals. Allegheny has won three times and Geneva twice.

Those who have taken first place for Westminster are H. B. Hezlip, 1895; H. R. Miller, 1899; H. T. Getty, 1903; F. J. Warnock, 1904, and Ray Miller, 1909. Second place was awarded W. E. Brooks, 1900; W. B. McCrory, 1901; J. A. Stranahan, 1905, and C. W. McNary, 1908.

The "Prelim" is held the third Tuesday in April in each year in the college chapel. At this try-out there are six contestants, three from each society, the winner to represent the school at the contest. This is held the second Tuesday in May of each year, and this year it will be at Waynesburg. The contestants for this year are Philo: Scott Woods, '12; A. E. Wright, '11; Ralph Houston, '10. Adelpic: C. W. McNary, '10; N. N. Love, '10; T. L. Patton, '10.

The contests now engaged in by Westminster along literary lines are in no way worthy of what she is capable of doing. We devote a great deal of attention to athletic contests, but have accomplished little along the line of literary contests.

There is a great deal of dissatisfaction in regard to rules applying to the Geneva debate. In every way these rules are antique and almost antediluvian. It is to be hoped that the ensuing year will see the rules revised, or else the debate dropped. A strong effort will be made to get other literary contests. It is the aim of the Association to secure a triangular debate with Allegheny and Mt. Union, if possible; if not, to attempt to get schools of a similar standing. With such a contest on hand the spirit would be strengthened and a great deal more advertisement could be gained for the school. Besides all these things, up-to-date rules would be employed. Of a necessity we would have to have two four-men teams; and in this way eight or more men would receive special training, instead of two or three as the case is now. With our new teacher in argumentation great results can be honestly expected in the future.

The officers of the Association for this year are R. Russell Brown, '10, President, and James S. Cooper, '10, Vice-President.

Junior Contest

Many things come in the Junior Year, but none can bring as much worry and trouble as the "Junior Orations." It has been established as a custom that each year the Junior Class shall deliver orations. From the opening of school in the fall until these are delivered the Juniors worry for subjects, and then would utterly lose courage to go further were it not for the accommodating and long-suffering English professors, who are always willing to aid.

After all the orations have been delivered, eight members are picked by the faculty to contest for two gold medals offered for the best oration and best essay, respectively. Three judges, not in any way connected with the college, are present at the final contest, held during Commencement Week, to decide who are the winners. Last year the medals were awarded C. W. McNary and Miss M. B. Forsythe, of the present Senior Class.

This year's contest should prove to be a memorable one in the history of the College, since the chosen contestants are all good students and persistent workers. The whole Junior Class acquitted themselves in a commendable manner, all the orations and essays being of the first rank. This year the contestants are A. W. Warren, P. D. Graham, R. H. Elliott, E. G. Wallace, Misses C. P. Reed, O. F. Braham, Gula Smith and G. K. Henninger.

Although it has its disagreeable side to the Junior, nevertheless all are anxious to deliver the best oration or essay of which they are capable, and so a high standard is constantly maintained. The greatest good which results from such productions is the training afforded in the preparing and delivering and the confidence of one's own ability so gained.

The Geneva-Westminster Debate

The seventh annual debate between Westminster and Geneva was held on April 6, 1909, at Beaver Falls. The question was: "Resolved, that compulsory arbitration would be the best method of settling disputes between labor unions and corporations." Westminster sent A. C. Williamson, '11, from the Adelphic, and Paul J. Simison from the Philomath Society, to sustain the negative side of the question and uphold Westminster's reputation upon the platform.

In this they succeeded, though the decision of the judges gave Geneva the victory. We found consolation, however, in the fact that this decision came as a great surprise to some of Geneva's most hearty supporters, who heard the debate. Then, too, the closeness of the contest may be determined by the fact that Westminster received the decision of two of the three judges, thus rendering her the loser by only the minority vote.

This year Geneva has once more won the laurels in debating the question: "Resolved, That Congress should provide for the regulation of all water power." In this debate Westminster was represented by A. C. Williamson and R. M. Gilkey, who supported the negative side of the question. These men worked long and faithfully, but they labored under the disadvantage of having the unpopular side of the question. Nevertheless, the decision of two judges was in our favor, just as last year, and only the low marking of the third judge threw the decision to Geneva by five eighteenths of a point.

R. M. Gilkey is a member of the present Senior Class. He was Philo's successful inter-society debater last year and has been one of that society's best workers and strongest supporters.

A. C. Williamson is a member of the Class of '11. This is his second appearance upon the platform as an inter-collegiate debater. He has acquitted himself right nobly and is an honor to the Adelphic Society, of which he is a member.

This was the eighth debate between the two colleges, of which each has won four. We trust that next year will turn the tide of victory in our favor and that Geneva will not be permitted to step beyond the tie-line.

Year	Won
1903	Geneva
1904	Westminster
1905	Westminster
1906	Westminster
1907	Westminster
1908	Geneva
1909	Geneva
1910	Geneva



Geneva-Westminster Debaters

R. M. Gilkey (sitting), A. C. Williamson

The Holcad

The *Holcad* in its first issue appeared in June, 1884. From then till the fall of 1887 it was published twice a month. In spite of many discouragements and drawbacks the various editorial boards have persisted in their work and have produced a college monthly, worthy in a large measure, of the school and students.

The paper is the official voice of the students, and in its columns may be found the ideals, opinions and feelings of the student-body. The one desire of its management is that students in school will have enough love for Alma Mater, and enough school pride, to contribute articles from time to time on subjects that may arouse interest, and especially to freely state their views on questions that may be pending in regard to the school and college life here generally.

The policy of the paper has ever been one of absolute fairness, frankness and fearlessness. The editors are ever willing to accept and print impartially all papers on any questions which may be raised. Whenever the views and opinions of the editors have touched any precedent, custom, or proposed reform, it has ever been the desire and intent to express these views frankly and fearlessly without check from outside influence. The paper has always striven to maintain an unprejudiced and unbiased opinion on all questions.

The circulation of the paper is small, too small for such a college. Each editorial staff has tried to widen the influence and scope of the paper, but has usually met the insurmountable barrier of little or no funds with which to go on with the work. It is easy enough to talk about college spirit, love for Alma Mater and other such ideal things, but it is a different matter when it comes to aiding materially. Every true alumnus of this College and every loyal undergraduate student should show his college spirit by subscribing to the paper, and so increase the opportunity for its wider usefulness and influence.

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	ROBERT M. GILKEY, '10
<i>Literary Editors</i>	<div> <div>{</div> <div> OLIVE BRAHAM, '11 MARIETTA THOMPSON, '10 ORVILLE J. WALKER, '12 </div> </div>
<i>Local and Exchange Editors</i>	<div> <div>{</div> <div> LOUISE SMITH, '10 R. HAROLD ELLIOTT, '11 </div> </div>
<i>Alumni and College World</i>	MARION B. FORSYTHE, '10
<i>Music and Art</i>	ELIZABETH PATTERSON, '11
<i>Athletics</i>	R. RUSSELL BROWN, '10
<i>Business Manager</i>	ALFRED E. WRIGHT, '11



MARIETTA THOMPSON



OLIVE BRAHAM



MARION FORSYTHE

The Holcad



O.J. WALKER



R.M. GILKEY



A.E. WRIGHT



ELIZABETH PATTERSON



R.R. BROWN



R.H. ELLIOTT



LOUISE SMITH

Staff

Westminster Democratic Club

That there is an alarming ignorance even among college men on the political issues of the present day is no longer a question of doubt. And it is an alarming ignorance, for it is upon the college man of today that the world of tomorrow rests. The people are turning to men with college training as leaders in the movements for better government. There never before has been such an opportunity offered to young men in every walk of life to shape the future of our country. But few are grasping this opportunity. Even the Christian minister is losing his power today, because he is no longer a leader of men. The average minister knows practically nothing of the social and political problems that are continually being brought up for solution, and so his place of influence and power among men is filled by others less worthy.

It was to help remedy this one thing that the National Democratic League of College Clubs was organized. This movement was started shortly after the last presidential campaign, and soon most of the leading universities had prosperous clubs for their young men. The circle of this organization is rapidly growing, and it is hoped that it will soon include all the colleges of the United States. Westminster has already been reached and can now boast of the first club organized under the movement in Pennsylvania.

The outlook for the Westminster Democratic Club, although just organized, is very bright. Even though the membership is limited and exclusive, yet the desired number has almost been reached. The plan of the club is to hold meetings every second week. Live questions will be discussed, different phases will be assigned to different members, and an attempt made to decide upon the advisability of each policy. It is also hoped to have members of the faculty and prominent men outside the college address the club from time to time. Material aid will also be given in this State in its fight for cleaner politics. Many of the clubs have helped to put better men in power in their respective states, and there certainly is an opportunity for the same thing in Pennsylvania.

The club extends an invitation to any students of Westminster who are in sympathy with our aims to become candidates for membership.

The officers for this year are: President, Lloyd Ruland; Vice-President, R. Harold Elliott; Secretary, Archie Warren.



**RELICIOUS
ORGANISATIONS**



Y. M. C. A. Cabinet



Y. W. C. A. Cabinet

The Young Men's Christian Association

The aim of the Young Men's Christian Association is three-fold and is portrayed in the insignia or emblem of the organization—a triangle, on the sides of which are written the words "SPIRIT," "MIND" and "BODY," all surrounding the open Book, upon which is inscribed "John 17: 21." To round out the character of young men by the full development of their spirits, minds and bodies in full harmony one with the other is the aim of this world-wide movement.

In the College Association, from the nature of the conditions, the stress of effort is laid upon the spiritual part of this character-building. While in the city associations the gymnasium drill and athletic sports come under the scope of the work, in the college the development of the physical natures of the men is under the direction of the Faculty Physical Instructor and the Athletic Association. Also, when we consider the intellectual development of the college man we find it to be supervised in the classroom and the laboratory for the most part, rather than under the direction of the Christian Association.

Thus, from the nature of the conditions in which it is set, we find the work of the college Y. M. C. A. to be centered in the development of the spiritual lives of its members and adherents. This work is carried on in various ways, and as a center from which other lines have developed there are the regular devotional meetings held every Tuesday evening. It is in these meetings that the men get an inspiration to higher things and are brought in touch with the true spirit of the Association.

An important phase of the Association work is the Bible Study Department. Bible Study groups are organized among the different college classes and a systematic course of study followed in each. The teachers are upper classmen who in turn meet weekly in a normal class under a faculty instructor. It is the aim of the Association to get every man in college enlisted in one of these Bible Study groups, and thus help him to make Bible Study a daily habit.

Akin to the Bible Study are the Mission Study classes. This phase of the work is carried on in conjunction with the Y. W. C. A. Joint classes are organized to study the Mission Fields of the world. Much benefit comes to those who pursue the courses, and a broader vision is secured of the meaning of world-wide evangelization.

Closely associated with the Christian Association is the Student Volunteer Band, the name of which explains its aim and purpose. Nor must we forget the Conventions and Summer Conferences, to all of which delegates are sent. From these many suggestions are derived and much encouragement in the work is received.

Thus the college Y. M. C. A. seeks in these many ways to do its share in the three-fold development of the college man.

Y. W. C. A.

For more than twenty years the Young Women's Christian Association has formed a vital part in the lives of the girls of Westminster. A college girl has so many interests that she is tempted unconsciously, perhaps, to neglect the really important issue in her preparation for life, unless she has something to bring her into close personal relationship with her Master. This the Christian Association seeks to do, and these hours spent together on Tuesday evenings are often among the most precious memories of college life.

It has always been the aim of the Association to have enrolled as active members all the girls in school. Although this aim has not been fully realized this year, yet many of the girls have found help and pleasure in these meetings.

Aside from the devotional meetings, the two principal features of this work are the Mission Study classes and the Bible Study classes. The Mission Study classes which were four in number were organized during the first semester, co-operating with the Y. M. C. A. After studying and understanding the great need for spreading Christ's gospel at home and in foreign lands, one realizes what a privilege it is to have the advantages of being a Christian and being surrounded by Christian influences. This mission work has come to mean more to the Westminster girl since seven of the girls who have recently been in this Association are now on the mission-field, and it is with the greatest interest that all are looking forward to the evening set aside for hearing messages from each of these missionaries.

In Bible study this year the committee decided to organize classes for Bible Reading, instead of taking up some text-book on the Bible. In this way they hoped that more practical knowledge of the Bible would be gained and each girl would become more familiar with hers.

This Association work is not simply a local, or even a national movement, but a world-wide movement, and the girls are broadened by coming in contact with the interests of other girls all over the world. These different associations are kept in touch with each other and helped in their work through conferences and visits from student secretaries. Last summer the Westminster Association sent six representatives to the conference at Mountain Lake Park, Maryland. No girl can attend one of these conferences without being aroused to greater earnestness in her work for her Master through the Association. New inspiration is also expected from the visit of Miss Elsie Jones, who comes in April, having been appointed as Student Secretary in place of Miss Dyer.

Since this Association work is undoubtedly one of the most important features of college life, and since there is work here for every girl which will not only broaden her own views of life, but will add to her ability to help other girls, both in the college world and when she gets out into the larger world, we would urge every earnest Christian girl to give this work her hearty support.



Westminster Volunteer Band



May Day Group

A THLETICS



Westminster Athletic Association

This Association was formed to promote athletics in a larger way, to help the spirit by giving students a share in the matter of responsibility of the teams by their own management, and, more than these things, it was organized to keep the athletics clean.

This year marks a new epoch in our athletics here. For some time past there has always been financial trouble, and the teams could not be developed as they should be—the schedule could not be made as wished—through lack of funds. A movement was started over a year ago to put the Association's athletics on a paying and certain basis by making a certain tax on each student, payable at the beginning of semesters along with the tuition. The sum suggested was six dollars a year, and at a mass meeting of the students the measure was unanimously adopted and a request was sent to the college board of trustees that it be made a law that such an athletic fee be charged each student annually or by semester. The board acquiesced with the desire of the students, and this year is the first year that the athletic fee has been charged. Nothing but commendation and praise can be offered, for the effectiveness of the rule has already been noticed in the short time it has been working.

By the necessity of making the charge compulsory on all students, a new law had to be made as regards membership in the Association. Under the old ruling, none but male students were eligible, but, with the new laws, both men and women are allowed membership. As a result, more interest and spirit have been shown than ever before.

In the management of the Association are the president, vice-president, and treasurer. These are assisted by a faculty committee of three men, whose duty it is to supervise and help in the planning for the best results obtainable. The general athletic board is composed of all the team captains and managers, together with the faculty committee. All Association officers are elected at the June meetings; the assistant football, track, and baseball managers are elected by the Association at the December, March and June meetings, respectively, and become managers one year from date of election.

The officers are as follows:

CARL W. McNARY, '10	President
FRANK E. STURGEON, '10	Vice-President
JOHN C. YOUNG, '10	Treasurer

FOOTBALL





1909 Football Team

1909 Football Team

Coach

CHARLES E. McMAHON

Manager

C. W. McNARY

Captain

ALBERT J. EVERHART

Ends

DAVID G. ASHTON

GEORGE W. MANSELL

PAUL D. GRAHAM

Tackles

D. LYTLE WIGGINS

FRANK E. STURGEON

Guards

GEORGE M. PHILLIPS

RICHARD E. TALLANT

Centers

R. M. RUSSELL, JR.

CHARLES C. VANCE

Backs

ALBERT J. EVERHART

JAMES A. McCLURE

ORVILLE J. WALKER

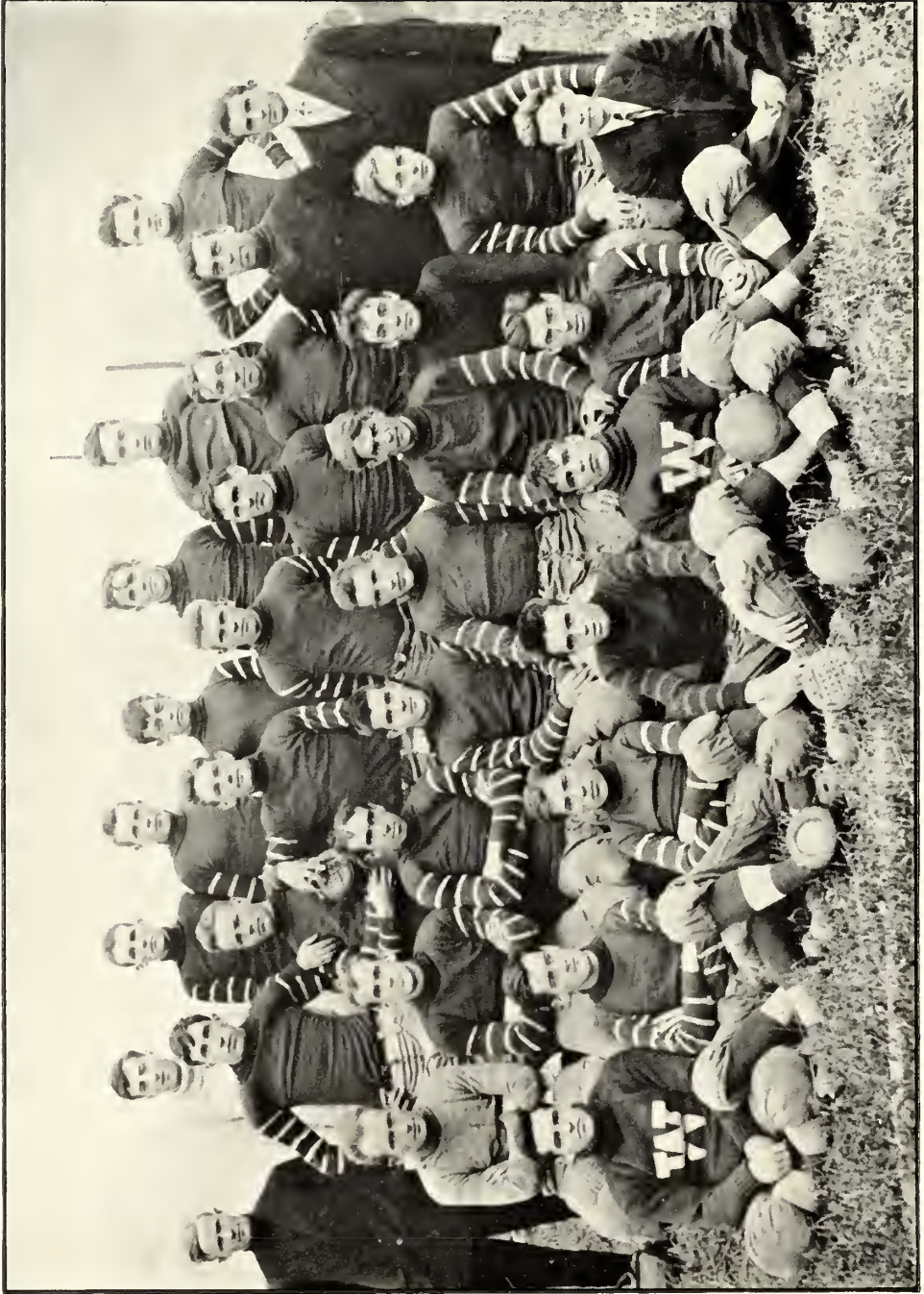
PAUL D. GRAHAM

RALPH H. HOUSTON

GEORGE W. MANSELL

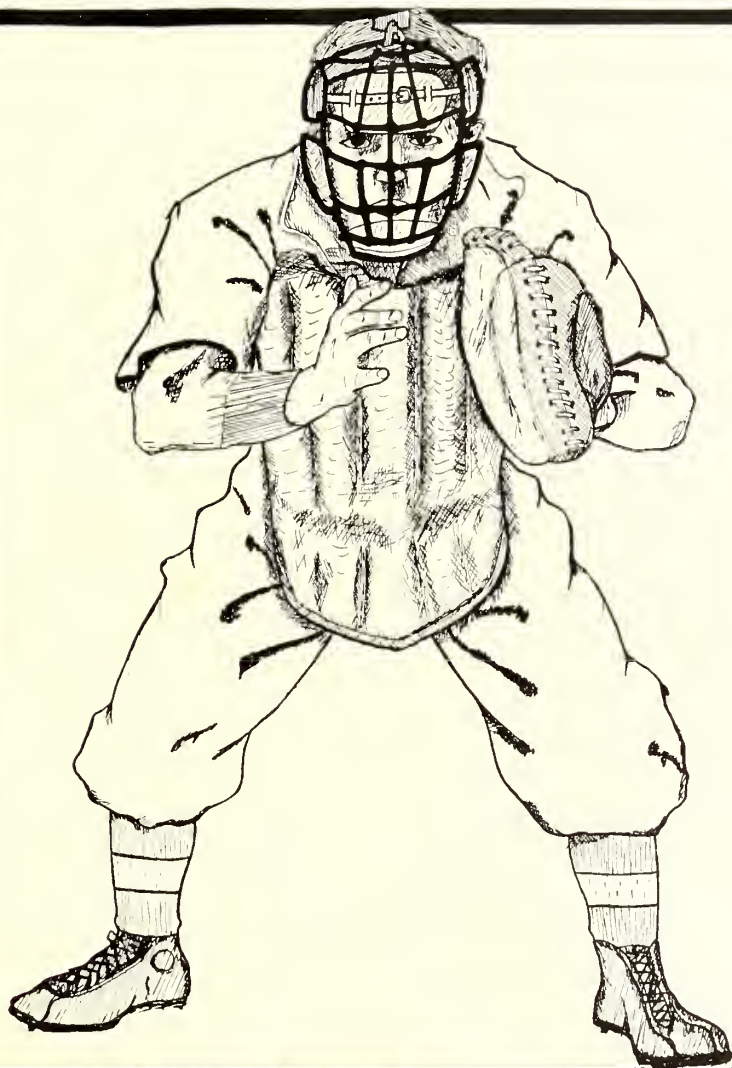
SCHEDULE

Westminster	17	S. R. S. N.	0
Westminster	0	Carnegie Tech.	12
Westminster	5	Alumni	0
Westminster	6	Hiram	0
Westminster	0	Washington and Jefferson	5
Westminster	0	Grove City	8
Westminster	11	Allegheny	21
Westminster	0	Geneva	6
Westminster	35	Bethany	0
Westminster	0	Mount Union	5
	—		—
Total	74	Total	57



1909 Football Squad

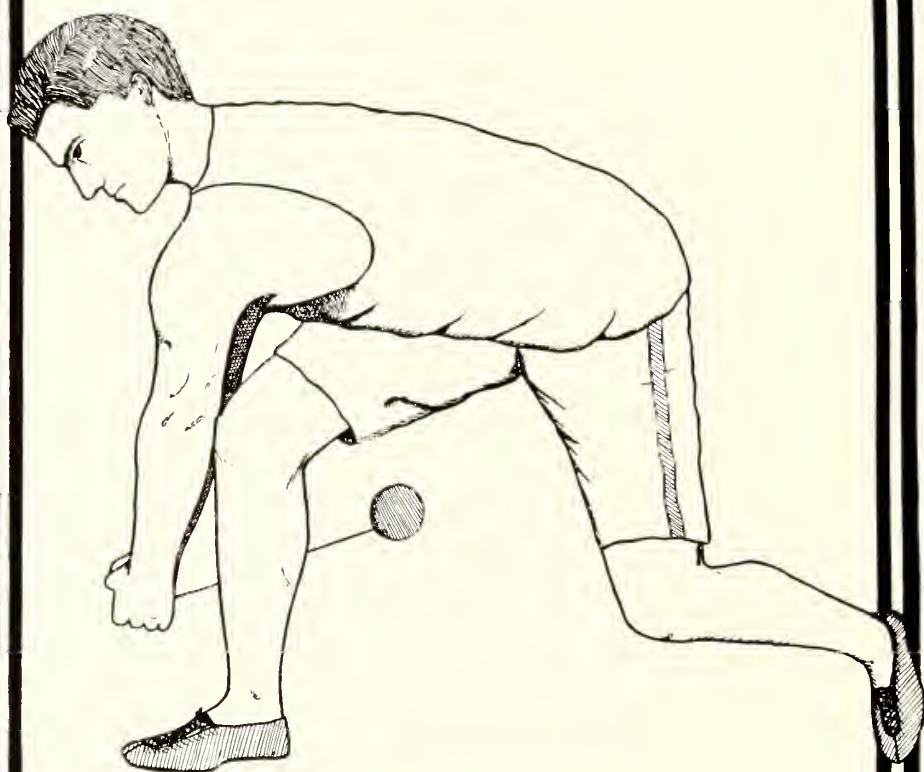
BASEBALL





1909 Baseball Team

TRACK



Geneva-Westminster Meet, May 17

1st Russell, W.	100-YARD DASH	
	2d Bradshaw, G.	3d Clark, W.
	Time, 10 sec. flat	
1st McFeeters, G.	880-YARD RUN	
	2d Wallace, W.	3d Brown, W.
	Time, 2:11 3-5	
1st Russell, W.	220-YARD DASH	
	2d Bradshaw, G.	3d Clark, W.
	Time, 24 1-5	
1st Moore, W.	120-YARD HIGH HURDLES	
	2d Boots, G.	3d Conyors, G.
	Time, 18 2-5	
1st Russell, W.	440-YARD DASH	
	2d Everhart, W.	3d Murphy, G.
	Time, 53	
1st Clements, W.	SHOT PUT	
	2d Stewart, G.	3d Nelson, G.
	Distance, 35 ft. 7 in.	
1st Conyors, G.	220-YARD LOW HURDLES	
	2d Alter, W.	3d Boots, G.
	Time, 29 1-5	
1st Wallace, W.	MILE RUN	
	2d Graham, G.	3d McFeeters, G.
	Time, 5:2 2-5	
1st Sturgeon, W.	DISCUS THROW	
	2d Wilson, W.	3d McCormick, G.
	Distance, 99 ft.	
1st Boots, G.	BROAD JUMP	
	2d Conyors, G.	3d Brown, G.
	Distance, 19 ft. 7 in.	
1st Clements, W.	HAMMER THROW	
	2d Stewart, G.	3d Love, W.
	Distance, 95 ft.	
1st Patterson, G.	POLE VAULT	
	2d Metheny, G.	3d Brown, G.
	Height, 9 ft. 6 in.	
1st Bradshaw, G.	HIGH JUMP	
	2d Russell, W.	3d Alter, W.
	Height, 5 ft. 5 in.	

RELAY

Won by Westminster (Everhart, Alter, Moore, Russell)

Time, 3:44 4-5

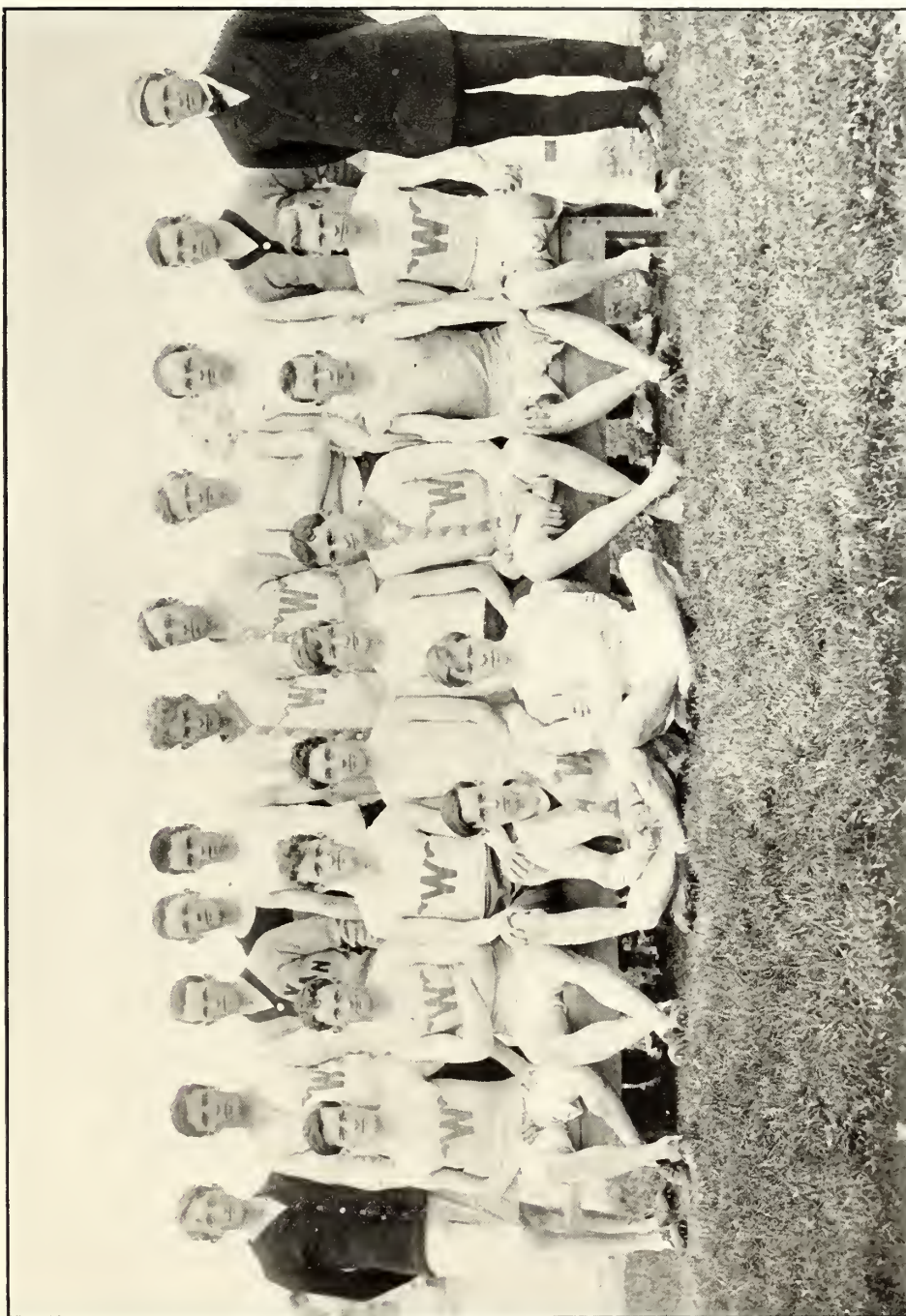
Total Scores: Westminster 63

Geneva 59

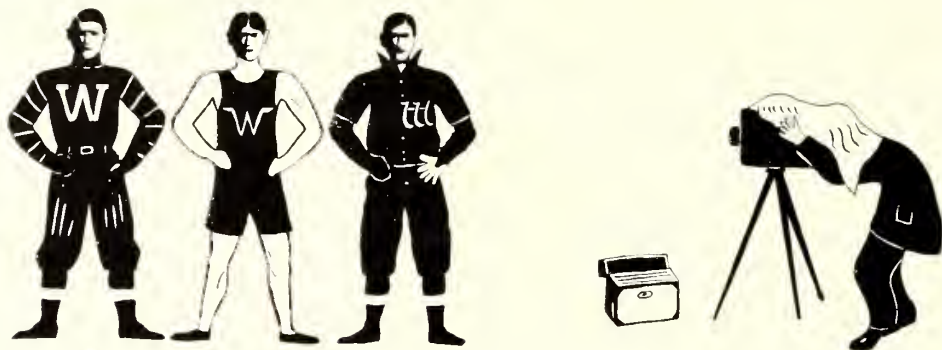
Grove City-Westminster Meet, May 27

100-YARD DASH		
1st Shearer, G. C.	2d Russell, W.	3d Wasson, G. C.
	Time 10 2-5	
880-YARD RUN		
1st Renick, G. C.	2d Wallace, W.	3d Weigle, W.
	Time, 2 07 1-5	
120-YARD HIGH HURDLES		
1st Thomas, W.	2d Ketler, G. C.	3d Henderson, G. C.
	Time, 18 4-5	
440-YARD DASH		
1st Shearer, G. C.	2d Wasson, G. C.	3d Everhart, W.
	Time, 55 2-5	
220-YARD LOW HURDLES		
1st Ketler, G. C.	2d Moore, W.	3d W. Locke, G. C.
	Time, 28 3-5	
MILE RUN		
1st Renick, G. C.	2d Wallace, W.	3d Weigle, W.
	Time, 5 10	
DISCUS THROW		
1st Wilson, W.	2d Parrish, W.	3d Heckert, G. C.
	Distance, 98 ft. 3 in.	
BROAD JUMP		
1st Moore, W.	2d Walker, W.	3d Thomas, W.
	Distance, 19 ft. 11 in.	
SHOT PUT		
1st Lamb, G. C.	2d Clements, W.	3d Heckert, G. C.
	Distance, 34 ft.	
HIGH JUMP		
1st Thomas, W.	2d Cooper, W.	3d Lamb, G. C.
	Height, 5 ft. 5 in.	
HAMMER THROW		
1st Thompson, G. C.	2d Clements, W.	3d Lamb, G. C.
	Distance, 102 ft. 3 in.	
POLE VAULT		
1st Parrish, W.	2d Locke, G. C.	3d Campbell, G. C.
	Height, 8 ft. 6 in.	
RELAY RACE		
Won by Grove City		
	Time, 3 55	

Total Scores: Westminster 62½ Grove City 59½



1909 Track Squad



Football

C. C. VANCE
E. TALLANT
A. EVERHART
L. WIGGINS

P. D. GRAHAM
D. ASHTON
F. E. STURGEON
R. M. RUSSELL
O. J. WALKER

R. H. HOUSTON
WILLIAM MANSELL
GEO. PHILLIPS
JAMES MCCLURE

Baseball

E. SAMPSON
WILLIAM MANSELL
F. E. STURGEON
R. H. HOUSTON

JAMES MCCLURE
V. M. DAMBACH
J. MCCONAHY
S. FULTON

RAY MILLER
S. WOODS

Track

R. M. RUSSELL
E. G. WALLACE
L. G. MOORE
A. EVERHART

E. V. CLEMENTS
W. ALTER
F. E. STURGEON
W. G. THOMAS

R. H. WILSON
M. M. PARRISH
O. J. WALKER
J. COOPER

BASKETBALL





INTER
CLAS'S
LEAGUE



Final Standing

	Won	Lost	Pct.
SENIORS	5	1	.833
SOPHOMORES	3	3	.500
JUNIORS	2	4	.333
FRESHMEN	2	4	.333

Champions, Seniors

STURGEON
VANCE
GILKEY
YOUNG
BROWN
COOPER

Juniors

FINNEY
ELLIOTT
GRAHAM
RUSSELL
PHILLIPS
CAUGHEY

Sophomores

MANSON
WOODS
CONWAY
ASHTON
MANSELL
EVERHART

Freshmen

PARRISH
DAUM
CARNES
CLELAND
TALLANT
WIGGINS



1910 Girls' Basketball Team.

The Oratorical Department

Westminster's Oratorical Department is one of which she may well be proud. Taking this department with little to work with and less encouragement from past records, Miss Randall, its present head, has built it up until it is now one of the strongest of the College. Each year the number of students has increased until it has been necessary to secure an assistant instructor. Indeed, there are several students specializing in the work of this department alone.

The cause of this most successful and rapid growth has been for the greater part due to the conscientious and faithful devotion to the work by the head of the department. Her aim has been the aim that should guide every instructor in this line—to help the student to look within himself and, when he has discovered and realized his own powers and capabilities, to express his thought freely and sincerely. To know one's self and to be able to simply and truly give voice to one's inmost feeling is the ultimate goal in the art of expression. Indeed, it is because of this goal that it is an art. This, then, has been the aim of the Oratorical Department of Westminster. That it has been successful is attested to by its excellent progress and growth and also by the general satisfaction of those studying under its supervision.

As a means to help the student to ascertain his latent powers and talents, amateur theatricals have been encouraged to a certain extent. Each year the upper classes have very creditably presented short one-act comedies and plays. In these productions much skill has been exhibited by those taking part, and the exercise in character-portrayal has been excellent.

Considered from every view-point, Westminster's Oratorical Department has gained for itself a reputation for efficient work and excellent results that is in accordance with Westminster's high standard of scholarship.

A PUPIL.



Scene From "The Rivals"

Given by Class of 1909

This play was one of the best ever given at Westminster and scored a wonderful success

“The Rivals”

BY MEMBERS OF
THE SENIOR CLASS
of Westminster College

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Wednesday, June 9, 1909

Eight-Fifteen O’Clock

CAST OF CHARACTERS

SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE	Mr. Andrew Park
CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE	Mr. Raymond Miller
FAULKLAND	Mr. D. C. Hankey
BOB ACRES	Mr. Robert Dobbs
SIR LUCIUS O’TRIGGER	Mr. John Milholland
FAG (servant to Captain Absolute)	Mr. Samuel Fulton
DAVID (servant to Bob Acres)	Mr. John Heinrich
MRS. MALAPROP	Miss Alice Freed
LYDIA LANGUISH	Miss Mary Armstrong
LUCY (a maid)	Miss Emily Matthews

ACT I.

Scene 1. Mrs. Malaprop’s Lodgings

Scene 2. Captain Absolute’s Lodgings

ACT II.

Scene 1. The North Parade

Scene 2. Mrs. Malaprop’s Lodgings

Scene 3. Bob Acres’ Lodgings

ACT III.

Scene 1. Mrs. Malaprop’s Lodgings

King’s-Mead Fields

Place—Bath, England (about 1780)

Action of play covers five hours (beginning mid-afternoon)



Scenes from Plays Given by Classes 1910 and 1911



Music



Equal to any musical institution in the country in equipment and faculty, our Musical Department is rapidly making the name of Westminster College known in musical circles, because of its efficient work. The conservatory is of the most modern type, with all the necessary accessories for successful teaching. For practice work there are thirty-two new Kurtzmann pianos; for teaching purposes, concert and recital halls, there are three new

Steinways and the new Mehlin Grand pianos. An expert tuner is employed to keep the pianos in perfect tune and repair. For those who wish organ work there is a two-manual practice organ, and it is expected that the three-manual pipe-organ, given by a prominent Pittsburg banker, will be installed for the coming year, thus offering a greater advantage than that given by similar institutions.

More care and thought have been used in the selection of faculty even than in the matter of buildings. Each instructor has been discreetly selected and has come to us as an artist with an established reputation in his particular department.

For students, a credit system is employed. It is not the amount of time spent at the conservatory that counts so much as the required proficiency in the work. The ambition of the Department is not to turn out people with musical degrees, but rather students whose knowledge and proficiency along musical lines will bring honor to themselves and reflect credit upon the school.

William Wilson Campbell, the Director of the College of Music, is a man of rare ability. Besides being a talented musician, he has a remarkable capacity for business and a wonderful power for organization. He was graduated from the Westminster College of Music in 1890, and received his Bachelor of Arts Degree in 1891, his Master of Arts in 1909. In piano he was for some time under Mr. Sieveking, the famous Dutch pianist. In vocal culture he has studied at different times with J. Harry Wheeler and Oscar Saenger, of New York, and Maurice Noufflard and Jean de Reszke, of Paris, France. While studying abroad he had the opportunity of hearing the greatest operas of the day, as well as associating with many noted musicians. As a teacher he has the rare power not only of transmitting his own knowledge to the students, but also of inspiring them with a genuine love for the

music for its own sake. Whatever success has been gained in this Department can be largely attributed to Director Campbell's untiring energy and to his adherence to a firm and noble policy.

Miss Nona Yantis, of the Pianoforte Department, was graduated from Patton Seminary, Dallas, Texas, in 1900. Since then she has studied with such masters as Herr Von Graber, F. Schmitz, Emil Liebling, of Chicago, and Rafael Joseffy, of New York. In June, 1907, Miss Yantis was granted a year's leave of absence for study in Europe and immediately sailed for Vienna. Here she first began study of the "Leschetizky Method," under Fraulein Rosborska (now Mrs. Leschetizky). In a short time she began lessons under Leschetizky himself, and continued with him and his additional vorbereiters, Fraulein Hanson and Mr. Willis, for fifteen months.

Edward French Hearn, Teacher of Piano and Harmony, has been a student for many years under Director Campbell. During his course of study he applied himself with such diligence to the theoretical and artistic side of his art that upon graduating he was offered a position as Teacher of Piano. Besides being a teacher of wonderful ability and force, he has a most pleasing personality and strong character.

Luigi Von Kunits, former Concert Master of the Pittsburg Orchestra and Director of the Von Kunits Conservatory of Music, Pittsburg, has charge of the violin work. He studied in Vienna with Johann Kral and J. M. Gruen, in Prague with Otakar Sevcik. He was leader of the String Quartet of the Tonkünstler Verein when Johannes Brahms was their president. He has appeared with such artists as Mms. Schumann-Heinke, Teresa Careno, Messrs. Raoul Pugno, Eugene Ysaye, Harold Baur, and others. Wherever he has appeared the critics have been unanimous in claiming him a master of his art.

Miss Clara Louise Shaffer, Teacher of Vocal Culture and Musical History, has but recently returned from several years' study with eminent voice specialists in Europe. Miss Shaffer received her musical training from such specialists as Max Spicker, New York; Dr. Carl Dufft, New York; Lamperti, Berlin, Germany; and Jean de Reszke, Paris, France. She possesses a mezzo-contralto voice of wide range and beautiful, rich timbre. Coupled with these things are a masterly and artistic finish and a superior musical knowledge, which have made her a popular singer.





ART

Westminster College

HE WHO HAS LEARNED
TO LOVE AN ART,
OR A SCIENCE,
HAS WISELY LAID
UP RICHES AGAINST
THE DAY OF RICHES;
IF PROSPERITY COME
HE WILL NOT
ENTER POOR INTO
HIS INHERITANCE.

R. L. STEVENSON.



Art Department

In an article entitled "Beauty and Democracy," Ex-President Eliot, of Harvard University, makes the following statement: "Among the means of increasing pleasurable sensations and emotions, none is more potent than the cultivation of the sense of beauty; and its infinite value for pleasure and content only waits on the development of the capacity in human beings to feel and appreciate it. The main object in every school should be, not to provide the pupils with means of earning a livelihood, but to show them how to live a happy and worthy life, inspired by ideals which exalt and dignify both labor and leisure. To see beauty and to live it, is to possess large securities for such a life."

Dr. Eliot testifies also to the practical value of art training as follows: "I have recently examined all the courses offered by the University, and I find but one in which the knowledge of drawing would not be of immediate value. The power to draw is greatly needed in nearly all the courses, and absolutely indispensable in some of them. A very large proportion of studies now train the memory, a very small proportion train the power to see straight and do straight, which is the basis of industrial skill."

Westminster College has long recognized the cultural and practical value to be developed through the study of drawing and painting and is fully prepared to meet this growing demand for art training. The equipment consists of well-lighted studios with an excellent assortment of casts for drawing from the antique, and a good supply of models for painting from still-life. There is a separate studio for the Ceramic Department, supplied with everything needed for the convenience of pupils. Sketching tours arranged for by Miss Manley, permit the students to make the natural scenery of this part of the country their own. A Revelatim kiln completes the efficiency of this Department.

Miss Manley, the Director of the Department, is an artist of exceptional talent, and under her inspiring leadership pupils are unwilling to do less than their very best. The course in the History of Art, also under Miss Manley's direction, is designed to be of interest and value, not only to art students, but to all who desire a knowledge of the world's masterpieces in architecture, sculpture and painting. The interest of the pupils is deepened through their own collection of prints, which with their accompanying notes, make an art history of their own compilation. Two exhibitions of the students' work is given each year. The mid-year display was held in January, and the work shown was of an exceptionally high order, revealing both industry and ability on the part of the students. It consisted of charcoal drawings from cast and from life, also paintings in oil and water color, from flowers and still-life. The final exhibition is held during commencement week, and at that time the Art Studio is "the center of vision" for students and their visiting friends.

A STUDENT.

Junior-Freshman Banquet

The two great social events at Westminster are the interclass banquets. From the return after Christmas holidays till the events are over, the student body is more or less excited in anticipation of the coming banquets and "assignments" particularly, since some lives may be changed forever by a mere bit of pasteboard. The banquets are held at the Hillside, where the beautiful dining room and well-furnished parlors lend themselves readily to decoration.

The Junior-Freshman Banquet was held on February 11, 1910. The menu for the banquet was an exceptionally good one. The dining room was handsomely decorated and the table adornments showed a great deal of artistic taste and forethought. Mr. Paul Graham, President of the Junior Class, acted as Toastmaster. The following toasts were responded to: Class of 1913, Archie W. Warren; Class of 1911, William Laird; Freedom and Fraternity, Professor W. T. Hewetson; The Ladies, Edward A. Daum; Our Alma Mater, Adam C. Williamson.

On leaving the dining room the guests adjourned to the parlor where a decidedly novel entertainment awaited them by a magician. At the conclusion of the entertainment the Freshmen were royally initiated into the good fellowship and spirit of Westminster by their hosts, the Juniors, and when the time for departure came all regretted but one thing, that was—the banquet was over.

Senior-Sophomore Banquet

On the evening of February 25th, the Sophomores banqueted the Seniors in splendid fashion. The dining room was brilliantly decorated in old gold and blue, and, together with the soft light of the candles and the music of the orchestra, rendered impossible anything but a successful and happy evening.

Mr. John Manson, President of the Sophomore Class, arrived somewhat late, the Freshmen being unable to resist the childish trick of attempting to kidnap or at least delay him. Despite this unfortunate affair he made an excellent toastmaster. The toasts responded to were as follows: Class of 1910, Scott Woods; Class of 1912, John C. Young; The Ladies, Robert Mitchell; Our Alma Mater, Frank E. Sturgeon. One feature that was new was the French menu and the clever way in which it was prepared.

After going out of the dining room the guests and hosts spent an agreeable evening renewing and strengthening of friendships. When it came time for all lights out, the company separated with the feeling of

"I've had a good time

* * A good, good time.

Nobody knows how good a time but me."





"DAD" STURGEON MAKES
A TOUCH DOWN.

Zion City Weekly

(Issued without permission of faculty)

Printed whenever the spirit moves us.

Issued as mail matter with a great deal of Hesitation.

Board of Editors

U. R. ANOTHER	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
I. M. AFOOL	<i>Newsnooper</i>
ADAM SKINN	<i>Business Manager</i>

VOL. 13.

No. 23.

Zion Weekly

Contests

GRAND CONTEST

WONDERFUL PRIZES

Who's the Biggest Liar?

Don't be bashful

Send in your votes

The lucky person, the winner, will be given
a handsome copy of William James on
"PRAGMATISM," bound
in imitation leather.

Bluffers' Contest

Remember your friends

Just take time

Vote for the best man

Magnificent prizes offered for the first five

Standing at present:

Dr. J. O. Campbell	33,313
Carl W. McNary	33,312
James Cooper	23,339
Ralph H. Houston	23,323
Mary Blanche McKee	31,313

Zion Weekly

MAN-I-CURE PARLORS

Warranted to cure or at least relieve
the worst case of turned-down-ingites.

EMILY N. STEWART. *Specialist.*

MILLINERY

All the latest styles
Call on us.

Give us a trial, we're sure to please.
Merry Widows a specialty.

PAUL D. GRAHAM. *Lady Fusser.*

ARE YOUR FLOORS OUT OF REPAIR?

Do they need covering? If so, call
on us. We have covered floors with
sole leather for more than twenty years.
Never been excelled.

FREEMAN & RUSSELL, JR., CO.

WONDERFUL OFFER

Cash or installment plan. Latest
thing in the human gramophone. War-
ranted not to run down or slacken speed.
Call and let us give you a demonstration.

LAVINIA FLOYD. *Manager.*

MATRIMONIAL AGENCY

Come one. Come all.

Sure to please.
Skillful Operator.

For three years past was at college
and was turned down regularly. I've
learned how to do it by experience.
Girls furnished at short order.

"Doc" SMILEY.

EYE SPECIALIST.

Do you have that tired feeling?
Do you have heartaches?

Been in the business for several years
and have successfully "treated eyes"
and "re-paired" hearts.

Yours for business,

BETH PATTERSON.

BROKERS

Direct wire on papa.
Experienced at squeezing the "shorts."
Never been to our "limits" yet.
Always doing business.

REED AND ELLIOTT.

LATEST THING IN GROUCHES AND GRUMBLES.

Never been satisfied.

If you want to get homesick or dis-
contented, see me.

ROSE PATERSON.

E. WALLACE, *Office Boy.*

Zion Weekly

MELLIN'S FOOD for babies and growing children.

Our best advertisements here are
MARTHA BARR, ARTHUR PORTER, MA-
BEL BELTZ.

THE LATEST THINGS in bluffs and
fakes, warranted to please.

HI. PARRISH, *Van Club*.

DO YOU WANT TO GET INTO TROUBLE?

See me and borrow a scowl. Never
failed yet.

G. SCHOELLER.

JOKES

for every and all occasions.

Warranted to crack if left alone long
enough.

HEWETSON'S BUREAU.

ATTENTION, STUDENTS !!

Have you seen our new list of Literal
Translations? We make a specialty
of printing in handy pocket size a
series of translations of various foreign
authors. Complete sets for German,
French, Latin, and Greek authors.
Keys for all kinds of mathematics.

We also write theses and essays on
short notice and on easy terms. We
refer by permission to a large number
of prominent students who have found
our work satisfactory.

BRAHAM & WILLIAMSON.

New Wilmington Agents for Hinds &
Noble Publishing Co., and for Editors'
Bureau, Larchmont, N. J.

FOR SALE—Two tons of Gab. Can
be had for hauling away.

Call after 7:30 P. M.

McCONNELL & RALSTON.

No "doin's" complete without me
as chaperon. Warranted to see and
report nothing. Will not see impro-
prieties.

FRAULEIN MULLER. *Expert Chaperon*.

EXPERT ELECTRICIANS

Warranted to do the job right or not
at all.

WIGGINS & Co.

Is your face tired?

Don't you make good?

See me and try one of my patent
smiles. Easily adjusted.

BECK, THE SMILER.

Soft soap and hot air furnished by
cubic foot or yard as you desire. Al-
ways been in business.

J. C. ("SKINNY") YOUNG.

HUSBANDS' SUPPLY AGENCY.

Established for twenty years.

Following is Application Blank:

Age... Height... Complexion.....

Will you love your husband.....

Will you agree not to anger him.....

Will you obey him always.....

How much a week will you allow him
for pocket-money.....

TOWLE & PAYNE,

Props.

Zion Weekly

(Special Correspondent, "Tad.")

MORTARBOARDS VS. KNOWLEDGE INJECTORS

Faculty kiboshes the Seniors 7-6

LINEUP

SENIORS

"Guntown" Fulton, P.
 "Hank" Hankey, C.
 "Dobbie" Dobbs, 1
 "Gravy" Igo, 2
 Bennett, 3
 "Buck" Park, s. s.
 "Handsome" Bailey, l. f.
 "Lightfoot" Clark, c. f.
 "Clemmie" Clements, r. f.

FACULTY

{ "Hewie" Hewetson, P.
 { "Doc" Campbell
 "Prep" Bennett, C.
 "Pete" Campbell, 1
 "Manie" McElree, 2
 "Shooter" Shott, 3
 "Big Fish" Hickey, s. s.
 { "Bugs" Mills l. f.
 { "Kaigar" Barr
 { "Doc" Campbell
 { "Grandma" Bridgeman, c. f.
 "Dad" Freeman, r. f.

Of all the eye-opening wonders that ever happened, the Senior-Faculty Baseball Game was the greatest that ever came to the metropolis of New Wilmington. The supposedly fossilized bookworms came to life and showed some points. "Spitball Artist Hewie" had 'em all guessing and carving swaths in the ether in their muscle-yanking plunges for the tricky horsehide. The A. B.'s-to-be were guessing more as to where the next pill would be than ever they did at some queries he'd been accustomed to make. Shott electrified the horrified onlookers by his daring steals to second bag, and once all were numbed as he foolhardily loped home at a Sharpsville gait. Fulton, ex-varsity, was rapid-fire-gunned to all portions of the neighboring fields, and with ease our reverent faculty pounded the "bun" to their hearts' content.

Score by some of the innings.

First

"Hewie," the first to take the wagon-tongue for the "grade-pushers," advanced to the plate with such a Browningsque look on his countenance that all felt sure something not to be understood was to follow. After three or four empty swings (the umpire had some doubt about the matter), the eminent gentleman gracefully withdrew. "Prep" Bennett sent one to Bro. Bennett at third, who stonewalled and shot it to first. Then "Pete," our "Pete," came to the bat, lifted the hickory, and slammed the first one cloudwise to "Handsome," who planted it in the left garden.

Fulton pushed out a slow grounder to "Hick" who was slow on the throw, and "Guntown" landed first. Hankey, the flower of Armstrong County, the would-be-sluggger, came to the bat and was going to knock the first one into New York State, but "Spitball Artist Hewie" looked at him, and, as he did in many other places, floored him on three easy ones, much to the chief almighty's disgust. "Dobbie" next lifted the horsehide-swatter and—the ball hasn't been found yet. "Gravy" Igo stumbled on a slow one, Campbell reached for the ball and tagged him at first. Bennett was sure to kill the ball, but faculty's pitcher wound him up, and the Seniors retired with two to the good.

Inning next one

Things looked dangerous—for the faculty men held conference behind the stand, and Dr. Russell said some things to them so that when the grand old Latin gladiator of former days stood before them with uplifted weapon, ex-varsity Fulton trembled and shook. But it was no use, on the second ball pitched, "Manie" hit it *cum magna* something or other and *faciebat* third base on it. Then Prof. Shott shook out some kinks and laid one down next to second. In going for it "Buck" Park stubbed his toe and the air became so hazy he couldn't see the ball. With "Big Fish" Hickey at the bat, "Shooter" took the chances of a poor throw and beat it to second, showing some of the youngsters how to play ball. Prof. Mills forgot to spit on his hands and couldn't hold the bat. Barr hit the ball, and also the ground, on his way to first, and was later ordered from the game for disputing a decision of the umpire. Bridgeman pushed out a slow one, but didn't make first. Score tied.

Intermission. From now till the sixth inning things progressed in a peculiar way. The Seniors attempted to do some work and crib some runs, but faculty had seen them in the classroom, and their tricks were all flimsy.

Occasionally the contest got warm, and it looked as though the umpire might be mobbed, but things quieted. Faculty would leave occasionally, go behind the grandstand and reappear strangely refreshed (I wonder why). For the last inning the struggle was on, and it was plain to see that faculty intended to exert themselves to the utmost. Dr. Russell acted as cheer leader.

Final inning

Hewetson had been relieved by Doctor Campbell for a couple of innings and frisked into the box like a young colt feeling his oats. "Handsome" Bailey was up and his smile must have rattled the faculty airgun, for he bingled for a safety. "Lightfoot" Clark was next up and pasted a two-bagger down toward Pulaski. (Dr. Russell calls for hold 'em, brothers, hold 'em.) "Clemmie" advanced with a sheepish smile and made three awkward attempts to connect with the sphere, then shuffled back to the bench disappointed, for he had intended to put one in the Presbyterian belfry. "Gunrown" Fulton came up, rubbed his hands in the dirt and gripped the bat for his last swat at Hewetson. On the second ball pitched he ended the suspense and brought two men home. Hankey is back again, but only part of him, for he must have mistaid his batting eye for he whaled at—guess it must have been microcci so far as results are concerned, and he turned from the plate saying awful things. Dobbs poked up a foul which "Prep" Bennett gathered in, and the game was over as far as the Seniors were concerned. Score: Seniors 7—Faculty 5.

The "Bookworms" pranced in to the tune of "See the Conquering Heroes Come." After sundry admonitions and instructions by the Doctor they went in to do or die. Hewetson determined to win his own game and laid out a pretty single. (From here on the batting order will be changed to assist the story.) Campbell came up, hit the third ball, pitched below the belt, and started for second, "Hewie" making third. "Next!" Freeman advanced with a sun-bonnet on, picked up the wand and with his graceful movements wafted one to center field, "Hewie" coming home. McElree, *hic et ubique*, is plainly the mehercuk(!) of the day, for his ballista movement against the pila was what vincited. Fulton was nervous, tried to hit the umpire, but couldn't catch him till late that night (for further particulars ask "Crip" Moore, Hookstown, Pa.), and tried the soap-bubble ball, but "Manie" frangit the affair and won the game by bringing in the winning run. Final score. Faculty 8—Seniors 7.

Requiescat in Pace. Benedicite.

(Sorry to say that Seniors felt very much hurt at the amount of untruthfulness found in the umpire and took him down to the creek and tried to wash it all out, but useless, for when he was hung up to dry, he dripped lies.)

Further particulars repressed by request.

“Umps”

(Baseball Umpire)

Who hath woe, who hath moanings, who hath lamentations and sufferings of the flesh?
Verily it is he who looketh upon a baseball when it curveth itself aright.

When it slideth through the center of heaven's blue ether and fooleth the batsman that he jumpeth therefrom.

When it riseth over the middle of the plate and the umpire calleth a strike.

Yea, verily, children, it is he that is the umpire that hath the greatest condemnation and hath no joy in his existence.

Behold, he standeth behind the catcher and squinteth across the diamond and cries with a loud voice, "One strike!"

And the home team ariseth even as one man and shouteth unto him that he is a liar.

Yea, even that he is the father of lies.

That an X-ray with piercing B-rays of radium could not find one atom of truth in his wretched carcass.

And they that sit upon the bleachers stand upon their feet and call in a loud voice:

"Thou robber! Son of a dog! Curses on thee! Back to the water-melon patch!"

Yet the umpire straighteneth his dorsal fin, stricketh to it, fineth the players, and sendeth them to the mourners' bench, and the game goeth on.

Now, peradventure, he asserteth that the next one is a ball.

And the pitcher getteth upon his hind legs and howleth and gnasheth with his teeth like a man in agony, saying,

"Surely, I put it squarely in the center of the plate. Verily, of a truth, thou art equipped with defective opries. What thou knowest not about baseball would fill a Parisian Bibliotek several times. Furthermore, I feel assured that thou art a deceptive knave and stealer of horseflesh."

And the catcher sweareth strange oaths and screameth at the umpire that he could not see a push ball with a microscope, and the fielders shoot forth remarks which would burn our electric fuses.

And the bleachers growl with strained voices:

"Behold, thou art all right, O good and just umpire! Thine eyes are as the eyes of a hawk; thou art a peach from the tree of knowledge. Give him yet three balls that he may gain his base."

But the umpire holdeth his peace and the game goeth on.

However, there cometh a time in the game, in the inning that is called the ninth, when one hit is better than two in the first, when there are two men out and three men on the bases 'round about the field.

The score is tied.

Then the umpire pranceth from base to base and longeth for the eyes of Argus and the discerning mind of Solomon.

The next man stricketh out. Yea, he cutteth swaths in the atmosphere with wide and persistent sweeps of the hickory.

And the players rush upon the umpire and rend his garments, and he is covered with dust, and his tongue cleaveth to the roof of his mouth.

And the tribe that is called the Bleacherites come upon the field and chaseth him even to the city gates.

Surely, the umpire leadeth a strenuous life and hath no joy in his existence.

He need not look for the worst, because it is thrust upon him.

Surely, he hath as much pleasure as a stingerless bee or a goat that cannot butt.



An American Princess

I

Arthur Henry Huntingdon, Jr., shifted his line a little more to the left, stuck the pole carelessly into the space between the two water-blackened, moss-grown logs upon which he sat, and leaned lazily back against the huge, gray boulder behind him.

It was very huge and very gray, that boulder; very rough and rugged and grand, very much in harmony with all the sublimity of this great northwestern solitude. Firmly implanted in the face of the cliff, its head raised defiantly far into the dark tangle of scrubby pines above, it was strangely suggestive to Arthur Henry's mind of the frowning castles, gallant knights, beautiful princesses of the feudal days of old. "It is very pretentious," thought Arthur Henry, "for a mere rock."

He leaned back against it thoughtfully, the shadow of growing discontent darkening his clear-cut, handsome face. Arthur Henry Huntingdon's gay, happy-go-lucky existence had hitherto been entirely too much taken up in a hearty attempt to aid his father in disposing of some of his superfluous millions, to be especially good for him. His sturdy, adventurous spirit loved excitement too well to rest long content with the simple pleasures of the hook and line.

"Frowning castles, gallant knights, beautiful princesses," he soliloquized, "those were days worth living."

Even the beauty of the day irritated him. The soft breeze, still fresh with the delicious coolness of the dawn, came soothingly across the lake from the deep, dark woods that lined the rocky shores, touching the surface of the water lightly, breaking it up into a thousand ripples that sparkled and flashed and sent forth slender, shining golden beams far into the morning, but disturbed not at all the pool below him.

Half angrily, he threw a tiny pebble into the clear, quiet water. The effect was equally instantaneous, unexpected, and remarkable. From far down in the limpid depths, gathering distinctness as the ripples circled away, the face of a girl appeared, gay, beautiful, framed in bright, softly-curling hair, and the eyes of a girl—great, dark, shining, filled with innocent mirth, looked up at him. For a moment the vision lingered, then vanished in the rippling eddies of the water.

Arthur Henry drew a long breath. "Christopher Columbus," he said, "talk about your beautiful princesses! Now, where on earth did she come from?" He scanned the cliff above carefully, eagerly. No stir of life met his gaze save a single bird soaring high over head.

Then he laughed incredulously. "Oh, see here," he said, with disgust, "suppose you use an ordinary amount of common sense. That was simply a trick of your imagination. Who ever heard of meeting charming princesses in the midst of the howling wilderness!" and he straightway devoted himself to his angling with renewed energy.

Perhaps half an hour passed. Arthur Henry, spurred on by success, was plying his sport enthusiastically now, all else forgotten. He had just rebaited his hook after an especially fine catch, and was turning quickly for the throw, when, lo! there was the image again—the same girl-face, gay, beautiful, framed in bright, softly-curling hair, the same girl-eyes, great, dark, shining, filled with innocent mirth. And, as he

dropped his line with an involuntary exclamation, a girl's laugh, low, but distinct and unmistakable, came down to him from above. He looked up quickly. Only the great rock, with its strange suggestion of frowning castles, confronted him.

"This is becoming decidedly interesting," said Arthur Henry.

Deliberately he laid aside his hook and line and began a careful, systematic examination of the whole face of the cliff. It was bare, absolutely bare, save for the tangled clumps of scrubby pines, and they were impenetrable. The utter impossibility of any place of effective concealment there forced itself home upon him.

Yet the more hopeless the unraveling of the mystery grew, the more stubbornly determined he became to unravel it. So, for days and days, leaving his companions to their own devices, he haunted the spot, puzzling, scheming, planning, but all in vain. Once, when he had thrown himself down upon the mossy logs in abject despair, the reflection had come again upon the water, and the low laugh, this time with a certain teasing defiance in it, had echoed overhead, but, when he looked up, it was to experience the old disappointment—only the same bare cliff stared him in the face.

At last, worn out and disheartened, he confided his trouble to his friend, the newspaper man. Now, the newspaper man was eminently practical, and he looked at Arthur Henry queerly. "I think, my son, that it is high time we were getting you back to civilization again," he said.

And so, back to civilization they went, and lived their ordinary lives again; and the newspaper man congratulated himself upon his wisdom. But, deep down in his heart, Arthur Henry still puzzled over the mystery, and still believed his charming Princess of the wilderness to be a real maiden; and he could not rid himself of the thought that in the future her life and his were to be strangely blended.

II

A year had passed, and that year had done much for Arthur Henry Huntingdon, Jr. He had begun by walking into Arthur Henry, Sr.'s, office one morning, and calmly announcing to that astonished and highly gratified gentleman his determination to enter his father's employ at once. And he had worked hard, even as was his custom in anything that he undertook, and people nodded their heads wisely and told each other that, at last, that boy had grown up.

But the old, boyish, happy-go-lucky spirit, given free rein so long, refused to down at this late day, and still found expression in strange whims and fancies, the latest of which was the patronage of a certain nickleodeon, to whose proprietor, a jolly old German, he had taken an unaccountable liking.

On a certain evening in September one might have beheld him seated in his friend's little theater, gazing upon the lurid beauty of a street scene in a western city, and yet with sublime indifference, it must be confessed, toward the fleeting figures on the canvas. Leaning listlessly back in his seat, he seemed lost in meditation.

Then, suddenly he sat up, every muscle tense, his whole face alive with interest. For, lo! on the screen before him, looking forth from a carriage window, was the face of a girl, gay, beautiful, framed in bright, softly-curling hair; the eyes of a girl, great, dark, shining, filled with innocent mirth, and they were looking straight at him.

"The Princess, as I live!" exclaimed Arthur Henry. A wild hope seized him, and, like a flash, he was out at the door in search of his friend, the proprietor. That

worthy, at length comprehending with difficulty that the boy was not violently insane, was straightway all sympathy.

"Dot bicture? Sure, mein freund, I knows him. Mein billboard, does he not say 'Scenes in—' what you call him?—'Seattle, during the Exposition?'"

The hand with which Arthur Henry gripped the old German's held something hard and shiny, which caused the old man's face to wrinkle and crease and beam enthusiastically.

"Goodbye, my friend, I'm off for Seattle," said Arthur Henry.

As he entered the car Arthur Henry was not in what may be termed a particularly angelic frame of mind. He was very warm and very red and very much out of breath with running, and now it seemed the last straw had come. A train on which there were only day-coaches was bad enough, but day-coaches in which there was only standing-room—for them, words were utterly inadequate.

Suddenly, his face brightened. Far up towards the front was one empty seat. To be sure, some one was in half of it, but half of a seat is much better than none. No mere man can stand for two hundred miles at a stretch.

It was a lady who was in the seat. She was looking out of the window, and as Arthur Henry approached she did not turn her head.

"Now, my boy," he said to himself, "here's where you'll have to be particularly gracious and tactful." Accordingly, he cleared his throat and began in his most pleasing tone, "I beg your pardon, madam, but is this seat taken?"

Then Arthur Henry, the dauntless, gasped, and lost his head completely. For he was looking into the face of a girl, gay, beautiful, framed in bright, softly-curling hair, into the eyes of a girl, great, dark, shining, filled with innocent mirth.

"Christopher Columbus—you!" he said, and sat down weakly.

"I beg your pardon?" The voice was very cool and very haughty.

"I-I-er-oh-I mean-thank you!"

"Not at all." She turned to the window again, and he did not see that her eyes were dancing.

He watched her furtively, enraged and fuming at his own helplessness. Here at last he was face to face with the object of his quest, with his charming "Princess"—and she was even more charming than he had thought—and he was no more master of the situation than if he had been stranded upon a desert island all his life. His brain was in a whirl, his tongue refused him utterly.

So, for a while they sat silent, and he did not see the smile playing around her lips. Every moment he grew more desperate. At length he could endure the silence no longer. He cleared his throat angrily, then cleared it again.

"It is very warm in here."

"I beg your pardon?"

"I was just saying that it is very warm in here."

"Yes." She turned back to the window again.

The action gave him an inspiration. "Would you like to have the window up?"

"No, thank you."

Again silence reigned supreme. But he was growing calmer now, and with returning self-possession came the determination to do or die. With sudden resolution he turned to her. Upon his face was irresistible frankness and charm. "I think we need no introduction," he said; yet he trembled for the result.

She looked up with a suggestion of the old-time haughtiness, then she smiled with a frankness equaling his own.

"Then you *are* Christopher Columbus?"

He laughed. "Yes, charming Princess."

For a time they talked on, then she said, "And you could not solve the mystery out there in the wilderness? Listen. If you had gone far around to the other side of the cliff, and climbed up to the very top, and then have pushed back the branches of a certain huge pine standing there, you would have found a little path right down through the very heart of the pines, and it would have led you to the huge gray boulder. It is said that the Indians, years ago, used that huge gray boulder for a fortress."

"And you were on top of the boulder?"

"Certainly. It was full of great hollow crevices which could not be seen from below."

Arthur Henry smiled contentedly. "Talk about frowning castles, gallant knights, charming princesses of the feudal age, I guess these present days are good enough for me."

"And for me, too," assented the Princess.



Uncle Josh Visits the “Joonyer Banquet”

“Wal, Mirandy, it do beat all what I seed last night when I wuz over to that Hillside a-frin’ the furnace for thet thar Joonyer Banquet. It’s bin a mighty hard night on me, my j’int’s are so stiff, but now I’ll jest teil yer, I’m right spankin’ glad thet thet thar janiter wuz tuk sick with a lame back, fur I shure did get a sight onto what they call “high sassiety doin’s.” And now, afore I do another thing, I’m goin’ to tell yer the hull thing from beginnin’ to end.

“Yer see, I’d fire up like all persessed and then I tuk my station on thet thar leetle back porch, whar I could see it all. The dinin’ room wuz the purtiest sight I ever seed. Them tables was all kivered up with sech a pack of stuff thet no livin’ bein’ could ever digest, and from what I seed later on, it wuz a mighty good thing thet they hed sumthin’ on to fill up the space, fur they never hed enuff on at a time the hull evenin’ to fill up a decent plate. There wuz a great big red and black banner a-hangin’ over the fire-place with one thousand nine hundred and ‘leven on it—yes, them’s the figgers, and I’ve bin thinkin’ about it ever since and wunderin’ what they wuz fur.

“Then the parlars, they wuz full of boys a-walkin’ around with female gals a-hangin’ onto their arms and a-lookin’ up at ‘em out of the corners of their eyes and jest laughin’ when there warn’t nuthin’ sed ner nuthin’ funny a-doin’.

“Purty soon the string band struck up some lively tune an’ they all started to march into the dinin’ room, jest like thet new teacher makes the kids march in and out of school. Sech a scufflin’ as there wuz to find the chairs whar they wuz to set, and them gals seemed thet afear’d thet they’d lose their partners and they stuck to ‘em so tight thet I had to look twicet to see if they warn’t tied together.

“I brung you this leetle book thet I found on the floor arter they hed all left. To my mind it sarves two purposes—one is to tell ‘em what they wuz goin’ to eat and keep ‘em in suspense as to what them high falutin’ names mean, an’ the other wuz fur to study when they’d run out of somethin’ to talk about. Now, thet furst thing stumped me, and if you can tell me what Macedonia of Fruit is I’d like to know it. This I know, thet some place in the Bible it says, ‘Come over into Macedonia and help us,’ and the only way I can fit it to this is thet they all needed some sort of help after they’d eaten all that mess ef stuff, but it’s strange thet they’d call fur help at the beginnin’, unless it wuz meant fur sort of a warnin’ fur what wuz ter feller.

“They had everything divided into what they called courses, but I tho’t it was all down to a purty fine point. Every time the folks’d clean up the leetle dishful what was brought to them, the fellers wearin’ their mothers’ white sewin’ aprons would come in and carry out the dirty dishes. You see, there wuz so much other stuff on the table, thet they didn’t hev room fur all them dishes.

“While they wuz waitin’ fur them fellers to bring sumthin’ more to eat, some feller’d get up and make a speech to fill in the time and to relieve folks of the embarrassment of waitin’. The cook told me thet they wuz toasts, but I couldn’t see the p’int, fur the only thing they hed printed on the eatin’ program wuz ‘Toasted Crackers.’ Then, all to oncet, the hull pack’d yell, and to save my life I couldn’t hear a word they sed.

"The next thing them folks et wuz some kind of olives, they call 'em, but they wuz nothin' more'n green plums, and celery and some kind of cream on the Hillside, but, strange to say, it wuz sarved on plates and not on the hillside at all. Then, arter some more yellin', they hed fried chicken, toadstools, asparigrass, potatoes with gravy over them, frozen lemonade, and Vienna rolls, which I took to be some foreign substance shipped in for the occasion. And, Mirandy, my heart jest ached fur them strappin' big fellers, fur I knowed they wuz as hungry as wuk horses and could hev eaten the hull mess in five minutes 'stid of settin' thar and mincin' fur four hours. The poor tellers' eyes'd foller their plates when they wuz tuk from them with sech a longin' look as if they wuz hankerin' arter more. The longin' wuz partially satisfied, however, fur they wuz bro't them toasted crackers, some kind of cheese, and some refined hash called 'salad.'

"I can't make much out of the last, only they hed some queer-lookin' biskits, with leetle squares of ice cream, some kind of 'boms' wrapped up in papers and some almonds with salt fur seasonin'. Now, thet last 'Demi Tasse' sounds to me a leetle as tho' it wuz borderin' on profanity, but I s'pose arter settin' fur four hours and feelin' hungrier when they got up than when they set down, there is some 'xcuse fur them 'xpressin' their feelin's a leetle strong; but thet should be overlooked, fur they very meekly and with deep feelin' closed thet part of the service with the College Hymn, and whatever thet may be it sounded good.

"They all got up and filed back into the parlors again and hunted theirselves seats to watch a feller make two or three handkerchers out of one, or sew the same number up into one so quick and without their seein' him thet he made them think thet he jest growed 'em together in his hands.

"They all set 'round in this fashion 'til their consciences began to prick 'em and I tho't it was time't sech youngsters wuz bein' in bed, so I let the fire die down kind of chilly-like, and then they bid each other fond good-nights, the boys got their hats and sadly wended their way homewards. I heered some of 'em talkin' and they sed it was a grand success, and I tho't so, too.

"I couldn't help thinkin', Mirandy, thet mebbe we made a mistake in not lettin' Dick go to school when he wanted to. Of course, I don't approve of all them doins', but times are changin' and sometimes I think if we hadn't been so hard on the boy he might hev made sumthin' out of hisself more'n what he hez, but it's too late, now, to mourn over it, so I believe I'll turn in fur some sleep before dinner, bein' as I wuz up most all night.

Fore-Ordination

You can't if you will,

You can if you won't.

You'll be damned if you do,

You'll be damned if you don't.



Love Microbe Discovered

Not more than six months ago a discovery of some importance along bacteriological lines was made—the discovery of the Love microbe by Dr. White, of Pittsburg.

Dr. White is a dentist, but more than a mere dentist, he is a keen student of humanity. When so many diseases were found to be caused by parasites in the body, he began to think that possibly they were responsible for even more than disease. The more he thought about this the more convinced he was of its probability and the more determined he was to make thorough investigation. For several years he continued studying this subject and studying humanity. He noticed that very unusual couples married, even his oldest daughter ran away with a coachman. This started a series of thoughts going that led to his great discovery. That two persons who loved each other could detect each other's presence, even though unseen, was to him an unfathomed mystery. Day and night this thought kept surging through his brain. He could not sleep because this and other equally vague thoughts went racing through his mind, and seemed to have absolutely no solution.

First, he conceived the idea that there were microbes about the lips and mouth, and that these were given off into the air. It was reasonable to suppose that when people of the opposite sex came near each other the microbes would change places and in some way cause the quickened pulse and blushing cheek experienced under these circumstances. Neither was it past belief that when the lips were joined in osculation the free mixing of the germs would arouse the emotion of Love. Various experiments were conducted in an attempt to establish this theory. In his profession as a dentist it was very easy to secure germs from the lips of two persons and then interchange the love-producing animals. Although these experiments failed to establish this theory, they were not without some excitement. One day a large, fat German came into his office to have some dental work done. By his usual method some microbes from his lips were put in a glass of water. Soon after, one of the doctor's daughters, a girl about sixteen, entered and being thirsty drank the contents of the glass. The doctor was horrified and gave her an antidote, telling her that she had swallowed poison. She suffered no serious results, except the shock from having swallowed poison. This idea was abandoned, as no proof could be found that such microbes existed. Other ideas had the same end for some months, but skill and much knowledge were being gained by these investigations.

On the afternoon of September 16, 1909, the long-hunted microbe was found. A young lady entered his office and had a tooth extracted. The tooth was laid on a table and forgotten. Some fifteen minutes later a young man who was soon to be married to the young lady also entered the dentist's office and had a tooth pulled. By a mere accident this tooth was laid on the table near the other. In a few minutes Dr. White was looking for something and noticed that the blood on the teeth had changed to another unnatural color and was effervescing. The blood was examined with the microscope and the discovery was made that love is caused by a microbe.

Experiment was followed by experiment. They culminated in these facts. Under ordinary circumstances the love microbe is entirely invisible, even under a very high-power microscope; but when it is brought near those from a member of the opposite sex it is enlarged to many times its natural size and can almost be seen by the unaided eye. This is made further possible through some evidently chemical action which slightly changes their color, making them light brown in color, instead of transparent. Even more astonishing than this is the

fact that these small animals are capable of something closely resembling electro-magnetism. Usually they lie dormant and seemingly possess no life. (This cannot be determined positively owing to their extreme smallness), but when two affinities of opposite sexes come near each other, they are aroused and become quite large and very active. They then attach themselves to the walls of the blood vessels and probably have some effect on the nerves, since the walls of the blood vessels are relaxed and the blood surges through them, producing the throbbing of the temples and flushed appearance of the face. Experiment proved even more than this. Persons who were capable of the greatest love for each other, as shown by a happy married life together, were found to have microbes electro-magnified to the same degree, and acted just as the two instruments in wireless telegraphy. When they were near each other they were cheerful and different than when separated. On the other hand, persons who had lived together for some time as husband and wife, quarreling and fighting continually, were found to have microbes which did not respond to each other readily and were not graduated to the same point.

We know not what further development may be made along this line, but one thing is sure, Dr. White has made a discovery which, if used as it should, and we hope will be, will do away almost entirely with divorce. If legislatures can be sufficiently interested to pass a law forbidding the granting of a certificate of license to any couple until the blood from each has been examined and found to possess microbes near enough alike to foretell at least a degree of happiness, most, if not all, of the divorce cases will be done away with. There is, moreover, a further advantage. When a man starts out to find a wife, he can go to the doctor of love, be examined and receive there the names of certain ladies, previously examined, who will be capable of reciprocating his affections. Thus, one would be sure of getting an amiable companion for life and the number of suicides would be greatly decreased.

Dr. White is soon to appear on a prominent lecture bureau with a lecture entitled "The Love Microbe." In this he intends to try to bring before the people of this nation, as well as other nations, the importance of taking definite steps along this line, to the end that our social difficulties may be helped and sorrow and unhappiness cured by this simple though effective means. In order to further aid this, he is publishing a book on the same subject which will soon go to the press.







The "Hypochondriacal Co-Eds' Tabletalk"

"Well, the limits are out, ain't they?"

"Yes, and I think it's simply awful the way they've treated you. Goodness sakes, why should they give you more limits than the rest? Anyway, you were just down there with the rest of the people and didn't do anything worse than they did."

"Oh, don't talk about it. It makes me tired, these old limits, anyway; the whole faculty just treats us like kids—"

"Yes, that's so, why—"

"I was positive that 'Dad' Freeman would get me—why, he just looked right at me. It makes me mad 'cause I didn't have a date or anything else, it was just an accident."

"This old 'obituary council,' or whatever you call it, is taking too much authority."

"That's right, too. Say, kids, wasn't that a crazy rule about wraps in chapel, and remember how we tried to get them fussed by dropping hatpins?"

"Well, I wouldn't feel so bad, but to get your commencement plans—"

"That's what I think; it's a shame."

"When one looks forward to college commencement week for so long, and then to—oh! it makes me so mad at that horrid old committee that I don't know what to do."

"Wouldn't it jar you, though, the things they're doing. Why, to look at some of the things they've been attempting, sure you'd think they were running the school. This faculty here is the biggest crowd of stuck-up things—why, they just make you do what they feel like."

"Well, what do you suppose girls go to a co-ed school for, if it isn't because there's always sure to be some nice fellows—"

"That's what I say, kids—me for the curly-headed boy one can get a case on and go out strolling with."

"Their rules are too strict."

"Sure, that's right; what do they have any co-ed and social privilege rules for, anyway?"

"Well, I hope I never get on limits for strolling. Yesterday I walked up the railroad—"

"Oh, my! you ought to look out, going up there; Beck will catch you, and he'll put you on quick as a wink."

"And who should come down the road but 'Hewie.' My! my heart was right in my mouth, he looked at us funny and just barely nodded. Guess he didn't squeal for I haven't got a letter yet."

"Well, I don't care. I feel pretty mad. I just wish my father were here and had his machine along; do you know what he'd do? He'd just run over that old discipline committee. You wait, Andrew will, when he comes up commencement week, I know."

Love's Seasons

SUMMER

Over the side porch of a spacious house on Bingham Avenue the June roses bloomed in joyous profusion. The languid air was loaded with their fragrance, while they cast a rosier glow on the flushed faces of the pair standing beneath their leafy branches. Eleanor Sharon stood there, the picture of superb health and attractive young womanhood. Her companion, Clark Miller, however, who had been a cripple since childhood, sank down on the steps, his limp form and large, thoughtful eyes betraying evident weariness.

Eleanor cast an anxious glance down at him and remarked, "You look tired, Clark; perhaps we had better put up our mallets and balls for this afternoon."

"As you wish, Eleanor," he replied, adding bravely, "although I really think I could play another round if you wanted to."

"Oh, no, let's not," she said considerately, her gaze wandering dreamily from him across the fields of golden grain and the cool woods beyond, to the city which was dimly outlined in the distance.

What was her attitude toward this patient cripple, who had been her earliest neighbor and friend? She could hardly tell. She had learned to admire him; for his was a sweet, serious nature, which his infirmity only seemed to ennoble and enrich. Of this at least she was sure on that summer afternoon—she respected no one more.

AUTUMN

Summer had given place to autumn at the Sharon home. The rose-bush had ceased to bloom, and its leaves were crisp and sere. Every morning Clark, who had been confined to his room as a result of over-exertion on that summer day, sat by the window, where he gazed wistfully at the changing colors and the unusual brilliance of the trees which lined the street.

And almost every day he watched for Eleanor's appearance. Sometimes she was out on the lawn in front of her house, which was directly opposite to Clark's; and always she gave him a pleasant nod of recognition, which changed the autumn in his heart to summer.

Several times of late he had seen her with a new companion, a handsome young man from the nearby city. He was unknown to Clark except through rumor, but report declared Edwin Findley to be as shrewd in business as he was attractive in society. He was spending his vacation out there and at the same time putting forth his best efforts to win Eleanor Sharon.

Clark often watched them anxiously as they walked by, Findley confident and happy, he thought, and Eleanor more reserved, yet hardly less happy. And as he watched them, autumn, with its indefinable sadness, filled his heart.

WINTER

Eleanor ran to the window and looked out. Everything was covered with snow and ice. Even the trees were bent far down by their heavy burdens. The air was cold and bracing, and the sun added the last touch to a perfect winter day by changing every little flake of snow into a rare diamond.

"Was there ever a more glorious day for skating? I do hope Edwin will not disappoint me this morning. How lovely it will be to skate with him—he is so magnificently big and strong."

Her gaze wandered to the house opposite, where Clark was patiently shoveling the snow from the walks, and answering the passersby with a smile and a cheery "Good Morning."

"Poor Clark, how I pity him," she murmured, "and yet how brave he is and how cheerful."

An hour later Eleanor was gaily skating over the smooth ice, with Edwin at her side. An unusual pair they were, well matched in strength and personality. So the cripple thought as he watched them from among the crowd of spectators along the bank.

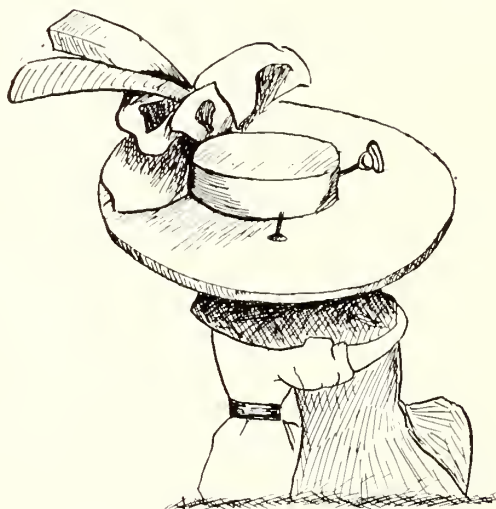
But at that moment the newly formed ice gave a treacherous crack. Eleanor's skate caught in the crevice, her foot turned, and sent her at full length on the ice. At this added pressure the crack widened, the ice gave way, and before Edwin's frightened eyes Eleanor began to sink in the freezing water. He looked a moment and then, feeling himself also sinking, turned, and in an agony of terror skated to the shore.

But one pair of eyes, which had never left her for a moment, was instantly aware of Eleanor's danger, and with marvelous rapidity, considering his crippled condition, Clark had reached the spot. It was only the work of a moment to draw her out and give her into the hands of the sympathetic crowd which had gathered about.

SPRING

Two months had passed. The birds had returned from the South, and the air was filled with their songs. Trees and lawns were clothed in a delicate green, and the crocuses bloomed in front of the Sharon home. Eleanor stood on the veranda, with the rose leaves clustering about her head. She was apparently none the worse for the fall through the ice; but that day on the lake still seemed to her like an awful nightmare. Two pictures kept flashing vividly through her mind. One was the cowardly terror on Findley's face as he left her there to drown, and the other was the face of Clark Miller, bending over her, with love and nobility of soul pictured on every lineament.

With the advent of spring the fancies of all three "had lightly turned to thoughts of love," and in two hearts there was sunshine and joy. Six months earlier Eleanor could not have told which of the two lovers she preferred—the handsome young society man or the cripple with the brave heart and thoughtful eyes. But the icy plunge had decided her, and she had chosen him whose patience and humility she had so long known, and whose love not even death could daunt.



The "Merry Widow" grip.

Story of '11

In the pleasant land of U.P.ism,
In the shade of Pennsylvania
Many tribes are drawn together,
Here each year four tribes assemble,
Here associate they freely,
And, in dwelling thus together,
Learn to know and love each other.

But each year the tribes are changing,
As the Seniors leave the place,
Comes a new tribe here for training
And here learning and completing,
In its turn goes forth to service,
So it is forever changing,
Thus they come and go forever.

Peaceful was the tribe of Freshmen,
Herded 'neath '11's banner,
To enlarge their brain with learning,
In the best old Alma Mater:
Silly came they to Westminster,
Green as is the grass in springtime,
Simple were their ways and brainless,
Love and hope dwelt in their bosoms.

They would truly live as brothers,
With the neighboring tribe of Soph'mores,
Who made 1910 their war cry,
Whose war paint was the blue and gold.
They would gladly joined together
To defend Westminster's honor,
And forget the useless quarrels
That cause endless troubles.

But the "Sophs" were few and slower,
No great chief to lead them forward,
So '11 could not stand it,
And went first upon the war path,
With the aim to cause a rough-house,
Went that '10's scalps might be severed,
And hang under the green and white.



From the time before the snow fell
Sorely did we over-run them;
How we teased them on the field,
Where the pigskin holds dominion.
And we beat them back forgotten
In the tumult of the battle.
Never did they cross the goal line,
But were ever struggling onward
To attain a glorious triumph,
Conquered by their own thick heads;
But the great chief "Red-tub-Runto"
Led our host on 'gainst them too well,
And made them bite the dust of earth.

Then when the great powow called
Flag rush was ordered in the night,
Altho' the mighty war council,
With heap big Injun Russell for
Their chief forbade it strongly, so
The pole was planted deeply,
Strung with wire, cleanly barbed.
'11's valiant band was guarding
Down below, when in came husky
'10's great warriors, and tried
To dig it up, but with war-whoop
Brave '11 piled on them,
And soused them on the hard earth.
So ended thus with ignominy,
The bold assault of '10's almighties.

Then came on the two-mile relay,
When our warriors chased them 'round,
And left them in the gloaming, sad
At heart for all their throwdown,
And in posting bills for warning,
Old '11 'gain stopt forward,
Did what no tribe had before them—
Posted lessons to their foemen,
The slow-witted Sophomores.

Next year came the tribe of knockers,
1912 their appellation,
And they far outnumbered Chief Tub
Russell's mighty swatting warriors;
When it came to advertising,
They were sleeping still and peaceful,
Under shadow of the midnight;
And they then did learn the lesson
To sit up all night and work,
If '11 they would conquer.

FRESHIES!

1912-HEADS UP!-1912

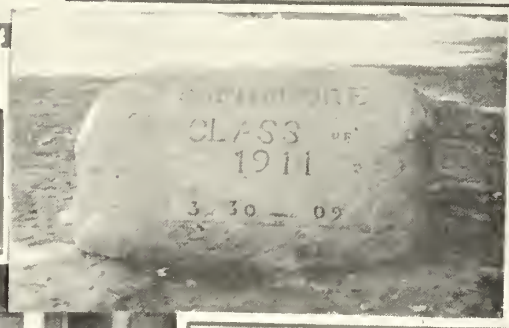
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.GET NEXT
A Word from Your Guardians
1911



When it came to do the running,
Big Chief Russell led the vanguard,
And in victory marched superbly
Past the slowly-running Freshmen.

As Time with advancing footsteps,
Tireless, ceaseless, endless footsteps,
Reached those hours before the dawning,
When dark Night her noiseless garments
Gathers close, and with jet blackness
Paints their shadows on the landscape,
Came the signal to move forward.

Then '11 procured a boulder,
With their war cry carved upon it,
And did place it on the campus,
Near the meeting-place of tribes;
They expected it to stay there
As a symbol of their prowess,
But the sturdy tribe of foeman
Went upon the war path next night,
And in force did tie the boastful
With strong cords of hemp and cotton.

Old eleven, undespairing,
Nothing daunted by the hardness
Of the fight they now were facing,
Raised their clubs and fought with gameness.
Some brave spirits were among them,
And they rose and made resistance,
Fought with strength and fought with courage
The attacks of their assailants;
But soon they were rendered helpless,
And were taken out as prisoners.
While they watched their foemen bury
Their great boulder and its war cry.
Two braves were among them who did
Break their bonds and flee, but their
Brothers left behind them suffered
Till the early morn, when they all
Were led and shown to the brave squaws
That live in the Hillside, far
From scene of toil and trouble.

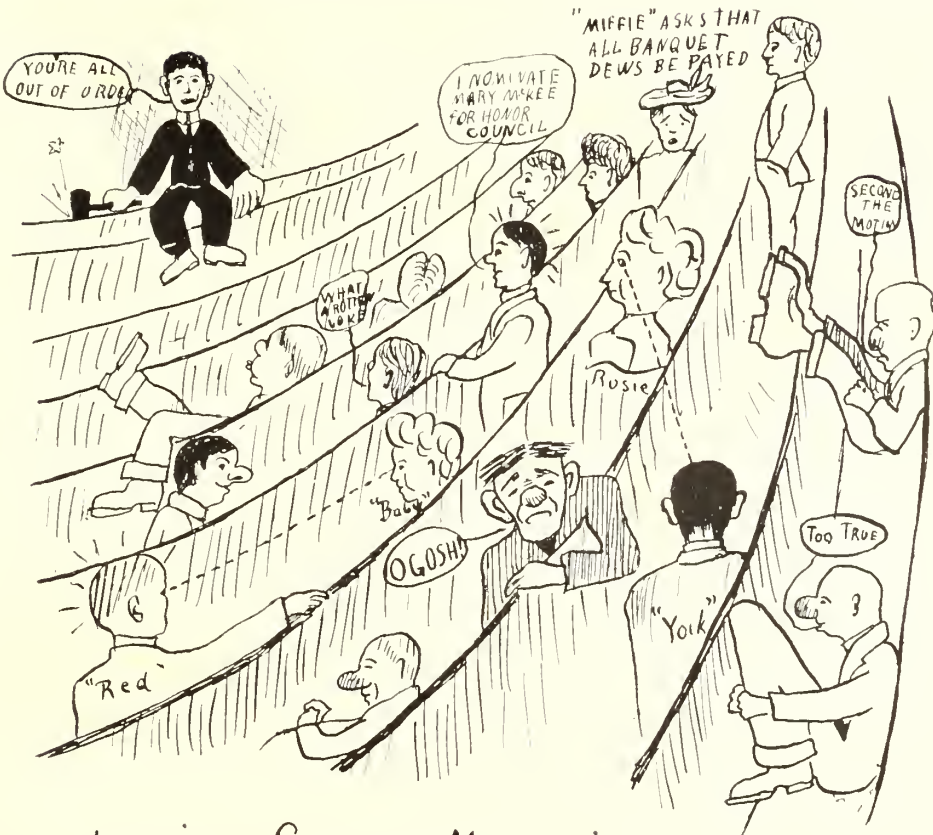
When the summer came alongward,
With its trilling birds and brooks,
Then conspired eleven together,
And the stone did resurrect
To always stay above the sod,
With honor or cause trouble.



I've never seen a copper mine,
Nor yet the deep, blue moon;
But I have seen a monkey shine,
And seen a human spoon.

To those who dare to paint and smear
 With colors foreign to the war paint
 Of eleven, for swift vengeance,
 Like a firebolt, shooting downward,
 In whose pathway lies no safety,
 From whose pathway no escape is,
 Will the troubler strike and punish.

Now the time is still at hand
 To finish up the old encounters,
 And to dwell and live as brothers,
 With the war paint blue and white.
 Old '11's had her day,
 And she still has days to come,
 Days that long will be remembered,
 In the town of Wilmington;
 But we'd speed our parting brothers,
 Brave foes of 1910,
 And we wish you strength and courage,
 For the fight that's still ahead.
 Let us then be friends together,
 Smoke the pipe of peace forever,
 And agree to dwell as brothers,
 Till the Great Chief calls us yonder.



Junior Class Meeting.



"NEXT"

NAME	WHY I CAME TO COLLEGE	FAMED AS	NICKNAME	WHAT LIFE IS TOO SHORT FOR
CAUGHY	To be a missionary	Sleepy man	"Caddy"	To stay awake.
ELLIOTT	'Cause father wanted me to	A little gentleman	"Red," "Pap"	To study hard at one time.
FINNEY	Somebody told me to	A lady-fusser	"Fin"	To plug.
FULKMAN	To get out of going to work	Farmer	"?"	To get a goose egg.
GRAHAM	To chuck a bluff	A lady-fusser	"Coby"	Not to smoke.
LONG	I couldn't think of anything else	The growler	"Hel"	To mingle with the crowd.
PHILLIPS	It was near home	An accommodating cuss	"Phips"	To raise a good head of hair.
PORTER	Dad told me to	Always behind	"?"	To get up in the morning.
RUSSELL	"'Cause Pa did"	Guy with big feet	"Tub"	To get wise to myself.
SHEAR	To be a preacher	Digger	"Scissors"	Peddle milk.
WALLACE	To get away from Broadway	A bluffer	"Yoik"	Get down and really work.
RULAND	To be a lawyer	Grind	"Gus"	To associate with ladies.
SMILEY	To run the place	Easy mark	"Doc"	To cut my hair.
WARREN	'Cause Bob did	A smiler	"Arch"	To stay up late at night.
WRIGHT	To chuck a bluff	A fast one	"Dutch"	To stay away from home.
WILLIAMSON	For co-ed privileges	A know-it-all	"Beany"	To tell the truth once in a while.
MISS ANDREWS	To take music, but got limits	Redhead	"Carrots"	To waste time on "principle."
MISS BRAHAM	To learn to sew	Brains	"Ollie"	To miss meals.
MISS FLOYD	Because I wanted to	A Shouting Methodist	"Vin"	To talk slowly.
MISS HENNINGER, I	'Cause Marie did	Inseparables	The "Hens" To be separated.	
MISS HENNINGER, II	'Cause Genevieve did			
MISS NAIR	For good grades	Housekeeper	"Bert"	Much time in school (?).
MISS E. PATTERSON	To sponge knowledge	Grind (?)	"Beth"	To stroll instead of study.
MISS R. PATERSON	Pa sent me	Star physicist (?)	"Jap"	Trip to the Junction.
MISS PETTIT	To take music	The sly one	"?"	To look at the boys.
MISS P. REED	To get "Pap"	Candy-maker	{ "Baby," "Polly" }	To miss strolling.
MISS R. REED	To get "Sands"	Engaged	"Ruthie"	To stay another year.
MISS SCHOELLER	Nothing else to do	A very particular person	"?"	To go to banquets.
MISS SCOTT	'Cause I was a missionary's daughter and this was the proper place	Housekeeper	"Fluffy"	To always have the same banquet man.
MISS SMITH	For a degree	A sport	"Babe"	To lose "Goog."
MISS M. STEWART	'Cause Louise Scott came	Missionary's daughter	"?"	To take German seriously.
MISS E. STEWART	Heard this was a dandy place	Musician	"Stew"	To lose a man.
MISS L. TOWLE	To take Art	Getting things "pat"	"Betty"	To waste time elsewhere.
MISS ELLIOTT	Nothin' else to do	Enthusiast for "track"	"Beth"	To work hard.
MISS DORNON	To take Oratory	"Hewie's" expressive reader	"Tub No. 2"	To stick to one man always.
MISS HUNTER	To get "Rusty"	Oratory star	"Little One"	To study German.
MISS JAMISON	To do P. G. work	The Silent	"Sue"	To talk.
MISS JOHNSON	{ To get all Miss Heyberger's courses }	Pluggor	"Goldie"	To waste time at social affairs



Poets' Corner

Fred

I

Fred's comin' home today, Fred is—
Who's Fred! Don't you know Fred?
Gee Whiz!
W'y, he's my brother, Fred is, he
Goes at the U-ni-ver-si-tee.

II

Fred's older'n me an' bigger, too—
W'y, he's as big as me an' you
An' Ma 'most put together; yes,
An' stronger'n ever'thing, I guess.

III

He's on the football team, is Fred,
An' you just ought to see his head;
You'll see it, though, when he gets home,—
It takes him 'bout an hour to comb.

IV

It's funny how them fellers raise
Cain sometimes, when they haf to haze
Somebody; w'y, they often take
A rope an' drag you through a lake.

V

An' when at last you're purt' near drowned
They drag you out an' on the ground;
They let you get some wind, an' then
They jerk you right back in agen.

VI

Ma says she wants for me to go
To college, too—but Pa don't, though.
Pa says sometimes he thinks he'll die,
The way Fred makes the money fly.

VII

I'll get to go, though, I just bet,
Because it's *never* happened yet
That Ma ain't had her way; she said
She'd run this house—Hurrah! there's Fred.

The Lovers' Tiff

(*A translation of the ninth ode of Horace, book three*)

Horace

When I was the whole thing with you,
And not another youth more favored
Dared fold his arms around your neck,—
My joy of Persian monarch's savored.

Lydia

When you had no one on the string
But me, nor I played second fiddle
To Chloe,—Ilia's joy was mine,
Nor life for me an unsolved riddle.

Horace

I'm gone on Thracian Chloe now;
She plays the lyre, and none is fairer,
For her I should not fear to die,
If only cruel fate would spare her.

Lydia

I love Calais, Oryntus' son;
My heart for him is all a-flutter.
For him I'd die a score of times,
For him I'd meet destruction utter!

Horace

What if our old-time love comes back,
And brazen yokes unite us parted;
If I shake Chloe, golden-haired,
Will Lydia then still be hard-hearted?

Lydia

Though he is fairer than a star,
And you're a fickle cork on water,
With you I'd gladly live and die,
But first you'll have to ask my pater.

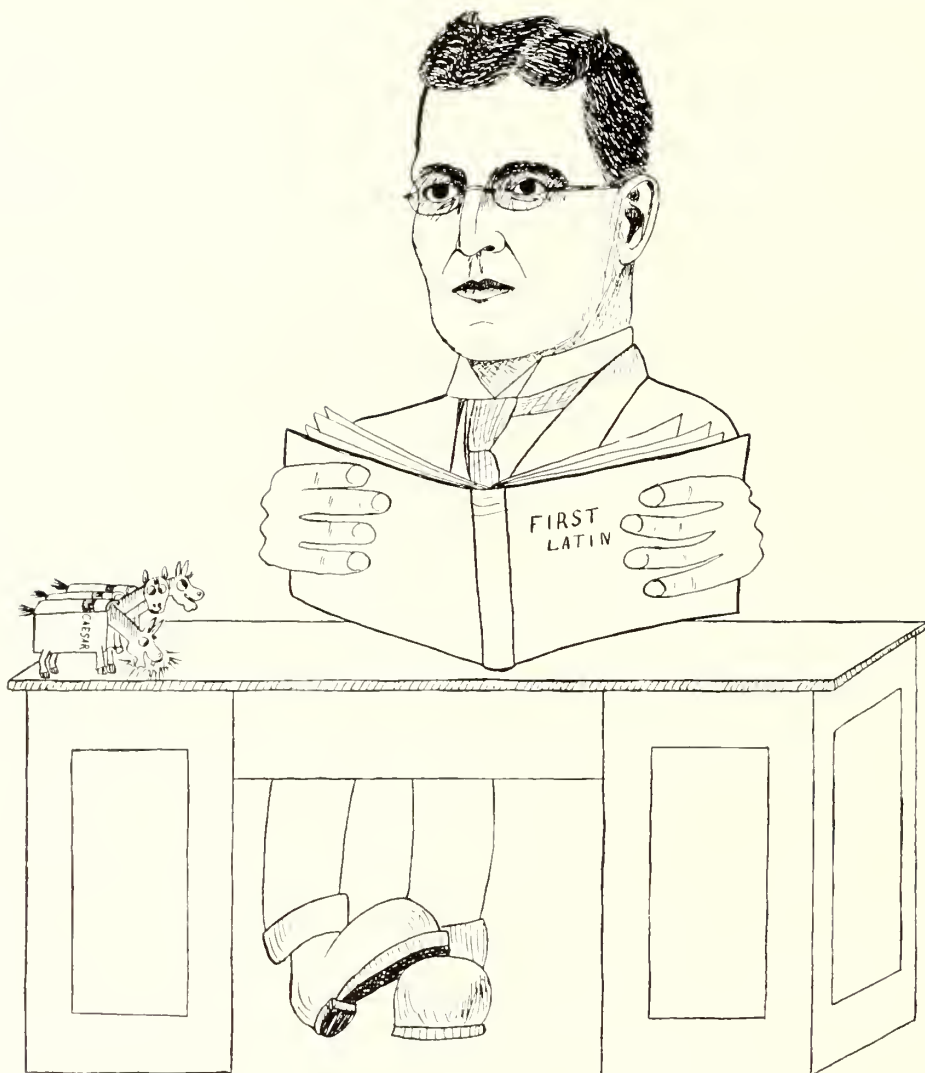
When a Feller's Convalescin'

When a feller's convalescin'—that's the word the doctor said,
 But I call it bein' able to get up from a sick-bed—
 When a feller's convalescin', why it kind o' does him good
 To pick up a cane an' hobble out to some cool, shady wood.
 Some old log, moss-grown an' rotten, he will set down on to rest,
 For you know he's convalescin' an' his strength ain't just the best.
 When he hears the birds a-singin' till he's 'fraid they'll split their throats,
 They're so reckless in the wild way they pour out their gladdest notes;
 When he knows the gentle breezes in his cheeks'll paint the red,
 An' he sees the green leaves gossipin' 'way up above his head;
 When the tinkle, tinkle, tinkle of the little, leapin' stream
 Sounds like angel bells a-ringin' in the dreams he used to dream;
 When he drinks the woodsy perfumes in long draughts like he would wine,
 Then he just leans back repeatin', joyful-like, "Thy will is mine."
 An' he just sits there absorbin' all the good that God has done,
 Till the stars begin a-peepin' in the heavens, one by one.
 He forgets he's convalescin' till at last comes to his ear
 A soft voice a-callin', anxious, "It's too damp for you, my dear!"

* * * * *

An' with arms around each other they stroll homeward, walkin' slow,
 Like they used to walk when lovers in the days of long ago.
 When a feller's convalescin', oh! it kind o' does him good
 To pick up a cane an' hobble out to some cool, shady wood.
 But I don't believe it's healin' like the comin' back at night,
 With the claspin' arms, an' silence, an' the lovin' lips pressed tight.





Slams and Soaks

McNARY—Would you scream if I kissed you?

MISS MC—EE—Suppose you flatter yourself that I would be speechless with joy.

(In the future) SHEAR, the new minister, to his wife—Do you think they approved of my sermon?

WIFE—Oh, yes! I saw them all nodding.

A visitor noticed Miss Patterson with a bundle of books under her arm and inquired:

"Don't those make you tired?"

"Oh, no," was the answer. "I never read them."

(Evolution of Mary McKee's name)—Little Mary started to school, slate and pencil in hand. By and by she stopped the use of the slate and a tabler was substituted. She also dropped an "r" and May was her new name. High-school days increased her knowledge, also her name—now it was "Mayme." College days were crowded full, and the little notes reached home signed "Mae." College days are passed and gone now. In a home of her own they squall and call her "Ma."

MRS. YETTER—This table is so dusty I can write my name on it.

RUDIN—Isn't it wonderful what education can do.

"Beany," from Boston, gets to heaven. Peter asked him his name; on hearing what it was and where he was from he said, "Oh well, you can come in, but I know it won't suit you."

FORSYTHE TO "MICKEY"—How warm it is!

"MICKEY"—Yes, let's go over and sit between Miss Payne and Mitchell; there seems to be a coldness there.

Would you?

If you were alone with a pretty girl
And none of the lights were lit,
Would you be a chump or a general fool
If you didn't move closer a bit?

I sipped the nectar from her lips,
As under the moon we sat,
And wondered if any other man
Ever sipped from a mug like that.

What Freeman Saw on Furnace Hill:

"Beneath a shady tree they sat,
He held her hand, she held his hat,
I held my breath and lay quite flat—
They kissed; I saw them do it.
He held that kissing was no crime,
She put her lips up every time.
Freeman saw and wrote this rhyme,
While they thought no one knew it."

"Janet C— has no right to talk the way she does."
 "Oh, she's got a license all light, what she lacks is a muzzle."

SHAFFER to "Goat" Thomas—You should be ashamed of yourself. Why, at your age George Washington was a surveyor.

THOMAS—Yes sir, and at your age he was President of the United States.

OLIVE BRAHAM says:

A little dabbling with a salt or two,
 A little mussing with a sticky mess,
 A few experiments—all blundered through—
 That's chemistry.

McGill made a big hit with the students last night. He was called on for a speech and refused.

ELLA DORNON—Am I the first maid you ever loved?

"TUB" RUSSELL—I cannot tell a lie. You are simply the best of the bunch.

Westminster girls' motto: "*Sic Semper Huggus*."

"Wind," said Jimmie Cooper, "is air in a hurry."

(WILLA MCCONNELL) MOTHER—Don't you think, Willa, you are getting too old to play with the boys?

WILLA—No, mamma; the older I get the better I like them."

CROWDER—Want my hair cut.

BARBER—Any particular way?

CROWDER—Yes, off.

Paul GRAHAM, kissing Margaret Coley good-bye on the train—"Tell father I'll be home soon."

JESS ANDREWS to BOB RUSSELL—My dress used to be with a high neck, but I had it washed and it shrunk.

BOB—Don't have it washed again.

Student Recital

1. DUET—"Oh Happy Day That Fixed My Choice."

CHARLES SCOTT WOODS

HELEN LOCKHART GRIBBEN.

2. PAPER—"The Way To Make a Stab At It."

ROBERT RUSSELL BROWN.

3. SONG—"I Want To Be a Man Like Papa."

ROBERT MCWATTY RUSSELL, JR.

4. PAPER—"Power Through Repose."

ARTHUR RENO PORTER.

5. DUET—"Moonlight Sonata."

WILLIAM McNAUGHER.

HELEN WEIDMAN.

6. READING—"The Still, Small Voice."

FLORA SETTZ.

7. SONG—"Draw Me Nearer."

OLIVE SNYDER.

8. MOVING PICTURES—

JANET CLARK at Hillside.

"Doc" SMILEY at a party.

Batting Averages

HOME RUN—"Goat" Thomas.

STOLEN BASE—Harry Tilton.

PUT OUT—McClure and McConahy.

HIT—Our Junior Play.

BATTERY—The Henningers.

BEST RECORD FOR DIAMOND—Ruth Reed.

SHORT STOP—"Little" Stewart.

ERROR—"Big" Dickey in English V.

MANAGER—Varsity Club.

The Knockers' and Soreheads' Club

We, the Soreheads of Westminster, in order to publish our everlasting dislikes, help on discord and discontent, procure universal ill-will, do obtain, ordain and form this Sorehead Club.

The condition for membership is that the candidate have either a perpetual, or at least a good-sized grouch, on some one thing, or more, if possible, or all college things in general.

Meetings may be held as often as two or more members can get together and express their ill-will.

[Just before going to press, the President of this Club called and threatened to kill or abuse the editorial staff if list of members were printed.]

The Waiter

"Dear Miss, will you have soup or fish?"

The waiter asked in tones judicial;

The hungry girly said, "I wish

You would not be so soup-or-fishial."

Sad, Isn't It?

The young woman sat by the window, looking out into the snowy air dreamily, when her reverie was disturbed by an older woman coming in.

"Oh," said the visitor, "excuse me, I didn't know you were absorbed."

"Come in," responded the dreamer, extending her hand, "I'm glad to see you."

"But why are you so sad? You look as though your best friend had died. What is the matter?"

The young woman drew her handkerchief across her eyes.

"Ah," she sighed, "Harry-and I—"

The older woman dropped her hands in her lap in a despairing, helpless fashion.

"Don't tell me," she interrupted, "that you and Harry have quarreled?"

The girl sighed again.

"The end has come," she said, "to all our moonlight drives, to the tender whisperings beneath the maple trees, to the boxes of caramels, and the baskets of flowers, to the sweet nothings in the conservatory, as the dancers whirl in the ball-room, to the verses he wrote me, to the rivalries and jealousies of sweetheart days, to the—"

"Say no more," said the older lady, determined to set things right. "What have you done? Tell me everything."

The girl came over and laid her head on the other's shoulder.

"We were married this morning at 10 o'clock," she whispered, and the old woman's hands fell helpless once more.

Love Recipe

To one ounce of dark piazza add a little moonlight; take for granted two people, press a small, soft hand; sift lightly two spoonfuls of attraction, add a large cup of folly, stir in a floating ruffle, and add two whispers. Dissolve half a dozen glances in a well of silence. Dust in a small quantity of hesitation, an ounce of assistance, two of yielding. Place the kisses upon a flushed cheek or two lips, flavor with a little scream and set aside to cool. This will succeed and keep in any climate if directions are followed carefully.

Morbus Sabbaticus

ALL OVER.

Directions.

CONTAGIOUS.

On Sabbath morning get up at seven, take a shower bath or use plenty of water on the face, hands and neck; eat a simple and plain breakfast. For a stimulus and tonic take internally the following dose composed of ingredients mixed in sufficient quantity to insure sweetness:

Nerve, Energy, Push,
Determination and Self-Respect,
Respect for God's Day,
Respect for God's House,
Respect for God's Book,
A desire to be somebody.

Stir well; add a little spirits of love to insure continued sweetness. Repeat the dose every three minutes till church-time, if relief does not come sooner. If the day is stormy, an external application of rubbers, rubber coats, and umbrellas will be found helpful. Carry out directions and a cure will be effected.

The world is old, yet likes to laugh,
New jokes are hard to find;
A whole new editorial staff
Can't tickle every mind.
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Decked out in latest dress,
Don't scowl and dub the thing a fake,
Just laugh—don't be so fresh.

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Sweet Dreams in Quintilian	<i>Edgar J. Clark</i>
The Perilous Way, or How I Fell Down the Stairs	<i>Kate Barr</i>
Where My Heart is, There is Kate	<i>"Bart" Davidson</i>
Hard Luck in Winning	<i>'09 Baseball Team</i>
Stings and How to Give Them	<i>ARGO Editor</i>
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We Two	<i>Paul Graham and Margaret Coley</i>
Grumbling and How to Do It	<i>"Hel" Long</i>
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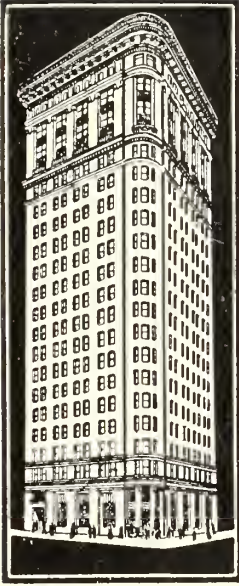
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Courses of Study

The College is co-educational; affording five courses of study:—Classical, Scientific, Philosophical, Music, and Art. The Classical course, while emphasizing languages and literature and the subjects of special interest in professional life, gives a good share of attention to Science in its various branches, so as to furnish foundation for the broadest culture. The Scientific course is wide in scope and administered with a laboratory equipment which enables students to prepare with great thoroughness for post-graduate work. The philosophical course, while giving special attention to Philosophy and History, includes Pedagogics and History of Education, and is especially adapted to those contemplating the profession of teaching. In Music and Art, credit is given toward graduate work in the Academic department, it being recognized that both of these have a culture value worthy of place in the curriculum of the College course.

The College of Music

The College of Music is conducted by a corps of instructors trained under the most eminent and successful masters of both America and Europe. The character of the work accomplished has been recognized as of the highest order, thus securing a constantly enlarging and appreciative attendance. The building devoted to Music is one of the best to be found in connection with any institution. It contains thirty-eight rooms for teaching, practice, and concert purposes, while its architecture and interior decorations harmonize with the aims of culture. Steinway and Mehlin Grands are used by all teachers, while new Kurtzmann upright pianos are used in all practice rooms. To secure the best results, no practice piano is retained longer than two years. Progress and efficiency are the watchwords of the department. No expense or effort is spared in making this department the equal of the best musical conservatories.

The Department of Art

The Department of Art provides training for all who wish to make a profession of Art, furnishing a four-years course. The work is in charge of a skilled and experienced instructor. Extended courses in the History of Art are furnished and opportunity given to study the master-pieces in the Carnegie Galleries of Pittsburg.

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Moral Aims

Westminster has for her ideal of effort the harmonious blending of broad scholarship, pure morality, and an evangelical atmosphere such as will foster reverence for the Bible as the Word of God, and sympathy with the missionary program of Christ. The intellectual, moral, and spiritual are viewed as essential to an educational system which would train not only "how to make a living," but "how to make a life."

The College Year

The College Year of 1910-11 will open September 14th, at 2:00 P. M. Entrance examinations and registration of new students, Monday and Tuesday, September 12th and 13th.

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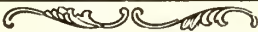
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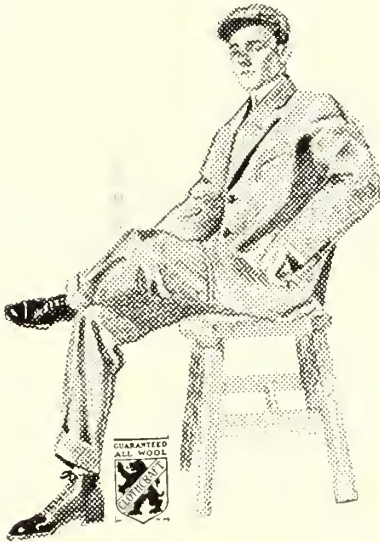
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